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FOR METHODIST FAMILIES / OCTOBER 1964

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Outdoor Communion service, Glendorado, Minnesota [see page 62]

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John Huss Before the Council of Constance

THERE is the man, symbolically robed in black, facing the high clergy who accuse him. Behind him, in white and red, are two laymen, his last friends. Noblemen, they are, but now they cannot save John Huss of Prague. Only he himself can do that—by the word of recantation conscience will not let him speak.

Amid the great Council of Constance, Huss stands accused of heresy. The council, called by Emperor Sigismund and soon-to-be-deposed Pope John XXIII, meets to end division in the church, bring reform, and stamp out heresy. Huss, regarded as the arch-heretic and most dangerous of all, has been a priest, rector at the University of Prague. The trial evidence has been heard and his effort at defense silenced. Now, on July 6, 1415, the bishop of Concordia, mitred and robed in white, reads the condemnation. The enthroned emperor, eyewitnesses report, blushes to hear his promise of safe passage for the accused broken. In silent prayer, Huss makes his choice: he still will not recant. He will die, as he has lived his 46 years, for the truth of the living Christ.

Reformation Day, October 31, is a reminder of this Czech reformer before the Reformation. Burned at the stake the same day he was condemned, he proved that a good life never ends. His faithful witness encouraged Martin Luther to ignite the flames of Reformation 100 years later. His martyrdom inspired Moravian followers who guided John Wesley to discover "the religion of the burning heart" at Aldersgate. Both Protestantism and Methodism were in the making when John Huss stood fast at Constance.

Erect and solemn, figures of Geneva's 16th-century reformers dominate the Reformation monument at the university in this 2,000-year-old Swiss city. From left: John Calvin, who wrote theology and ruled Geneva a century and a half after Huss was burned; Guillaume Farel, who preached throughout French Switzerland; Théodore de Bèze, who popularized Calvin; and John Knox, a Scot, who preached in Geneva and there wrote some of his major works.

Grateful Methodists of Czechoslovakia in 1935 presented Zizala's copy of Brozik's painting John Huss at Constance *to the mission board of the former Methodist Episcopal Church, South. The 62-square-foot canvas now hangs in Scarritt College, Nashville, Tenn.*

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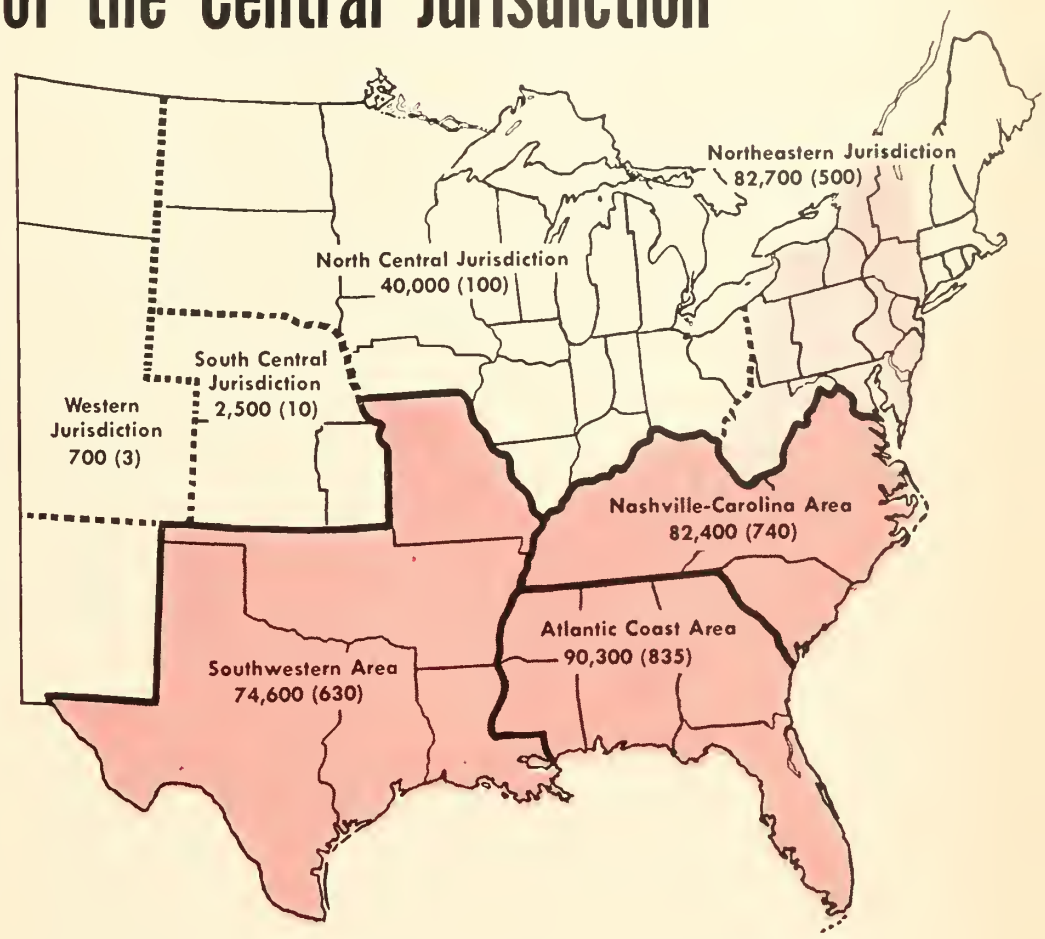
The New Shape of the Central Jurisdiction

The News: The long steps Methodism took this year toward eliminating organizational racial barriers have drastically shrunk boundaries of the all-Negro Central Jurisdiction. In a series of swift strokes that finalized long-sought results, nearly one third of the 374,000 segregated Methodists and more than one fifth of their 2,850 churches were transferred out of the Central and into regional jurisdictions.

Its shrinking limits leave the Central Jurisdiction operative only in a band stretching from Texas along the Gulf and south Atlantic Coasts. In 21 states (8 of which actually had no all-Negro churches even though technically within the Central Jurisdiction), the segregated status of churches is gone. Only 13 realigned annual conferences and three bishops now are left to administer affairs of the 248,000 Negro Methodists remaining in the jurisdiction that formerly had five bishops and 17 annual conferences.



The shrunken Central Jurisdiction now consists of Negro Methodists in the heavily tinted area. Numbers here show members and churches (in parentheses) in the jurisdiction's three remaining episcopal areas. Other numbers show members and churches which have been transferred into four of the regional jurisdictions. Lightly tinted, in the northeast, are Delaware and Washington Annual Conferences which are to retain their identities until July 1, 1965.

Background: It took 25 years for a General Conference to show clear and overwhelming willingness to eliminate the Central Jurisdiction with all possible speed. Ever since it was created in 1939, when three main branches of Methodism were reunited as The Methodist Church, many in the Central Jurisdiction have objected to being a separate racial unit. At the outset, there were 310,000 members in its 19 conferences, later consolidated into 17, which covered all parts of the United States except New England and most of the West.

At each General Conference since 1944, there has been discussion of the Central Jurisdiction. And, beginning in 1948, each General Conference has ordered some sort of study commission to work on improving jurisdictional relationships.

Amendment IX: A positive plan for eliminating the Central Jurisdiction came in Amendment IX to the Methodist Constitution, ratified in April, 1958. It provided a way for churches or annual conferences to transfer from one jurisdiction to another on a voluntary basis.

By 1960, six local churches had transferred out of the Central Jurisdiction and 36 others were in the process. The General Conference that year felt more time was needed to test effectiveness of the amendment. Between 1960 and 1964, a 36-member Commission on Interjurisdictional Relations worked to develop plans for faster elimination of the racially separated jurisdiction.

In 1962, the Central Jurisdiction balked at transferring pieces of itself into any jurisdiction in which they were not geographically located. This suggested that some realignment of annual conference boundaries was needed before other action could take place.

Between the 1960 and 1964 sessions of General Conference, 27 more churches transferred out of the Central Jurisdiction—3 to the Rocky Mountain Conference in the Western Jurisdiction, 16 to the Nebraska and Kansas Conferences in the South Central Jurisdiction, and 8 to the New York Conference in the Northeastern Jurisdiction. All these transfers had the full approval of both the Commission on Interjurisdictional Relations and the Central Jurisdiction's Committee of Five, which led resistance to transfers before the whole denomination was ready to absorb Negro churches on a fully integrated basis.

A New Plan of Action: In Pittsburgh last May, General Conference delegates adopted overwhelmingly,

with only minor changes, the plan of its Commission on Interjurisdictional Relations for absorption of Negro churches into annual conferences of the five geographic jurisdictions under clarified but still entirely voluntary procedures of Amendment IX. A series of orderly steps was proposed, with a target date of September, 1967, for compete dissolution of the Central Jurisdiction. General Conference also ordered that a progress report be made at its special session in 1966 to consider plans for merger with the Evangelical United Brethren Church.

The new plan of action called upon the Central Jurisdiction to realign its annual conference boundaries so that each would fall within one of the regional jurisdictions. This was done in June. General Conference provided for financial help from the whole church to raise salaries of Negro ministers to levels paid pastors in annual conferences to which they transfer. A minimum pension rate ($35 per year of service) was established for all conferences, and a new Commission on Interjurisdictional Relations with 24 members was appointed to recommend a plan for termination of Central Jurisdiction in 1968—if it is still in existence.

The New Boundaries: At its June session in Daytona Beach, Fla., the Central Jurisdiction realigned its annual conference boundaries to conform with regional jurisdiction lines. It removed its Virginia churches from the Washington and Delaware Conferences and added those in West Virginia. It took away Kentucky churches from Lexington Conference and gave to Lexington all those in Illinois and Iowa.

The jurisdiction also planned to intensify training of pastors and laymen for better churchmanship and called on white annual conferences in southern states to help establish joint meetings and programs with conference officers, cabinets, and pastors.

Annual conferences in the Central Jurisdiction were advised by their Committee of Five to reject invitations into other jurisdictions until their churches could be accepted on a fully integrated basis. Some church leaders predict, however, that at least some of the remaining Central Jurisdiction conferences may be taken bodily into southern regional jurisdictions, leaving for later the final step of each Negro church being made part of a formerly non-Negro conference.

Action in the Northeast: The summer's action removed two large chunks from the Central Jurisdiction. The Northeastern Jurisdiction, meeting in June, absorbed two Negro annual conferences in a dramatic session at Syracuse, N.Y. All annual conferences concerned had voted overwhelmingly to transfer the Central Jurisdiction's Washington and Delaware Conferences, bringing their 500 churches, a bishop, 11 district superintendents, and 82,700 lay members into the Northeastern Jurisdiction. Bishop Prince A. Taylor, Jr., who had served in Liberia since his election in 1956, was assigned the New Jersey Area, with residence at Princeton. He thus became the first Negro appointed to supervise a predominantly white constituency.

The speed of the action in the Northeastern Jurisdiction created problems. The two Negro conferences will be kept intact temporarily so administrators can work out pension rates, minimum salaries, transfer of property titles, district lines, and interchange of appointments. Target date for abolishing the Washington and Delaware Conferences is July 1, 1965. Meanwhile, their churches, located in six states, will be under supervision of Bishop John Wesley Lord of the Washington Area.

Plans are under way in New England for an interchange of white ministers with Central Jurisdiction pastors in the South, which Bishop James Mathews says some white congregations are willing to accept.

North Central Sets the Pace: Meeting in Cleveland, Ohio, in July, the North Central Jurisdictional Conference received the nearly 100 churches in its territory from the Central Jurisdiction, and the Lexington Conference was dissolved. Organized in 1869, the Lexington Conference was the third Negro annual conference established in the former Methodist Episcopal Church.

Bishop James S. Thomas, the only bishop elected by the 1964 Central Jurisdictional Conference, was transferred to the North Central Jurisdiction and assigned to the predominantly white Iowa Area.

In the South: With few delegates dissenting, the South Central Jurisdictional Conference in Dallas went on record as willing to co-operate with the General Conference's plan to abolish the Central Jurisdiction on a voluntary basis. It recommended that each of its annual conferences vote the necessary approval of an invitation to all Central Jurisdiction annual conferences within South Central Jurisdictional boundaries that they transfer. The intention is to take them in as annual conferences first, with the expectation that full integration of individual churches into white conferences would follow.

Oklahoma and parts of Texas seem ready for this. Missouri's two annual conferences—Missouri East and Missouri West—issued transfer invitations last spring to Central Jurisdictional churches in the state. Local-church quarterly conferences as well as the Central Jurisdiction's Central West Annual Conference must vote on the invitation.

The Southeastern Jurisdictional Conference recommended that its annual conferences invite Negro conferences to transfer on condition that such transfers be worked out when "mutually agreeable to the conferences concerned."

The jurisdictional conference asked the Judicial Council—Methodism's equivalent of the U.S. Supreme Court—to rule on whether the General Conference has the power to set annual conference boundaries within a regional jurisdiction, a power delegated to jurisdictional conferences by the church's Constitution. If the council rules that the General Conference has this power, the Southeastern Jurisdiction's annual conferences are likely to draw back with their conditional invitations. There is some doubt among church observers that the Central Jurisdiction's annual conferences within the region of the Southeastern Jurisdiction will accept these conditional invitations.

Some laymen, and a few ministers, are still convinced that the white churches in the deep South should do nothing. But this is not the whole picture. By the margin of 178 to 167, the North Carolina Conference defeated a proposal to integrate at once 25 Negro churches within its boundaries. However, it did establish a 30-member committee to plan for absorbing the Negro churches within three years.

Bishop James W. Henley of Florida recently said to his conference, "It is the responsibility of the church to seize all the currents of history and

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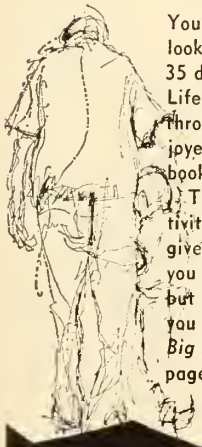

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channel them for the glory of God."

Significance: Segregationists in The Methodist Church are fighting a losing battle, and many of them know it. The question is: "How long?" Will the Central Jurisdiction be eliminated by 1966, the earliest date now proposed? By September, 1967, as the Commission on Interjurisdictional Relations recommended? Or never?

Currents of history are determining that the end of the Central Jurisdiction will come somewhere in between these extremes; how soon depends considerably on the mood of the area in which remnants of the Central Jurisdiction remain. Nobody believes that breaking down the walls of that jurisdiction will accomplish a racially integrated church in more than a few isolated parts of the country at once. But the events of the past summer seem to be long strides in that direction.

Harlem Methodist Ministers Schedule Renewal Efforts

A cooling-off period for turbulent Harlem and new tasks for Methodists are taking the attention of a new district superintendent, Dr. Charles L. Warren, first Negro to hold that post in a predominantly white Methodist district, in this case New York's island of Manhattan.

His former pastorate is the 4,720-member St. Mark's Church in Harlem.

Dr. Warren, whose district includes elegant Park Avenue congregations and Westchester County's socially prominent—and Harlem—said the church was in some ways caught unprepared by the recent race rioting and violence.

Settled in his office in the Interchurch Center, he took time for a city hall ceremony elevating to civil court judge an elected steward of St. Mark's. He spoke admiringly of Jawn Sandifer as "one of our Methodist attorneys," viewing his judgeship as a positive step to racial peace and "good sign" of more Protestants on the New York bench. The New York court, Dr. Warren said, handles a greater volume of cases than any court in the world.

Another landmark for Harlem's 10,000 Methodists was election of Dr. William James, pastor of Metropolitan Methodist Church there, to the Haryou-ACT Board, organized by the city to administer Harlem's $117-million share of antipoverty funds voted by Congress. At the demand of the federal government, Dr. Warren said, two warring agencies were united—the Haryou (Harlem Youth Opportunity Unlimited) and ACT (Associated Community Teams). Some of the $117 million will go to church-related agencies which have had com-

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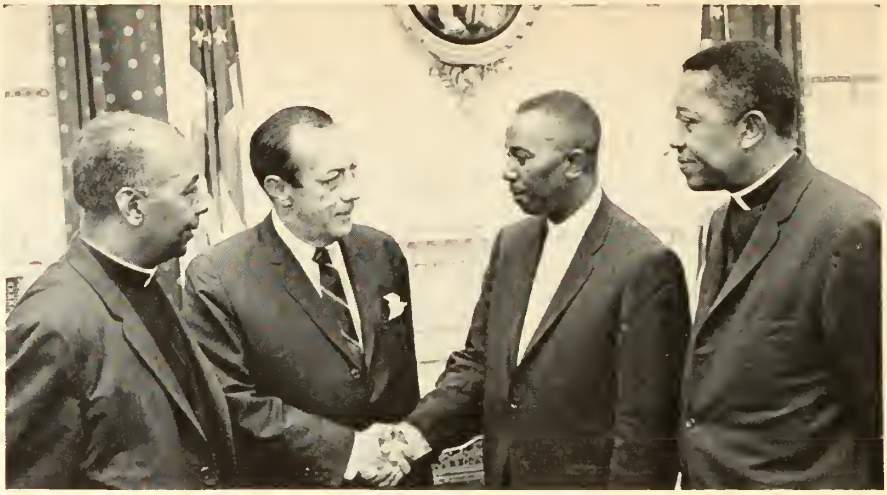

Judge Jawn Sandifer, second from right, is congratulated by Mayor Robert Wagner at City Hall ceremony as Dr. Warren, left, and Dr. Hicks, right, look on.

munity centers or related experience.

Another distinguished member of the Harlem faculty of ministers is Dr. John J. Hicks, who replaced Dr. Warren at St. Mark's. His most recent posts were as the first Negro president of the St. Louis Board of Education and a Methodist pastorate in that city.

He has a master of theology degree from the University of California and was a member of President Eisenhower's Regional Committee for Equal Job Opportunities.

"Race can no longer be used as a crutch," was the opening message to his New York congregation. "If we are to be judged without discrimination, we will be judged also without pity."

Opportunities for success, he said, go hand in hand with enemies within —doubt and fear—and without— "those who are callous to humanity." He found in New York, he added, "people whose sun has gone out of their skies, dejected, weary men" and problems that are a thousand times those of St. Louis.

Dr. Hicks believes police brutality, a complaint of long standing, had a part in the race riots. He compared New York with St. Louis, where he said there is confidence in the mayor and police, and no "political situation" such as that he feels added to Harlem's unrest.

Bishop, U.S. Missionary Deported From S. Rhodesia

Two Methodist churchmen have been deported from Southern Rhodesia as "undesirable aliens" after speaking out on racial policies there.

No official reason was given for ouster of Bishop Ralph E. Dodge and Missionary Robert E. Hughes of The Methodist Church, and immigration officials said they knew nothing.

Leading to the move, however, was action in May of the Rhodesia Annual Conference, warning Europeans in control of the government against declaring freedom from Great Britain. [See *Methodist Conference Warns Rhodesians on Secession*, August, page 6.]

Also, Bishop Dodge has written pamphlets with his interpretation of the Christian viewpoint, given radio and newspaper interviews on the nation's racial policies, and discussed his book, *The Unpopular Missionary*, which hits colonialism.

The bishop is *persona non grata* in Angola and Mozambique, which also fall within his episcopal area, and he hinted that the Portuguese, who deported him as a "terrorist" from these two territories, may have put pressure on Southern Rhodesia to follow suit.

The two men went to Northern Rhodesia.

Mr. Hughes voiced fear that the Rhodesian church is entering a period of trial that would "test the very fiber of its faith" but said it would "continue to condemn injustice."

More than 50 white clergymen of several denominations demonstrated in Salisbury against expulsion of the two men, marching to the prime minister's office with a letter asking that it be revoked. Ouster of the bishop, they said, would create a wide gulf between the government and world Christian opinion. Another protest was staged by 134 students.

"Bishop Dodge was leading Africans to green pastures where they are not supposed to graze," wrote M. A. Wakatama, one of the country's leading Methodist laymen and a columnist for the Salisbury *Daily News*. "Through his Christian witness, many sons and daughters of Zimbabwe [African name for the nation when it gains freedom] will see a new light."

He will return as an honored guest, Mr. Wakatama said, and those who expelled him will have lesser positions.

Missionary Hughes gained national attention in 1960 when, as executive

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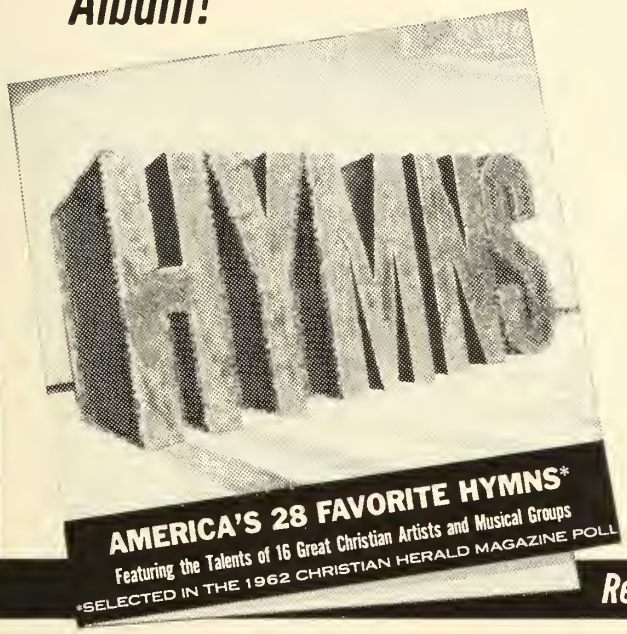

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15. **Have Thine Own Way Lord** — Haven of Rest Quartet
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17. **Onward Christian Soldiers** — Paul Mickelson Orchestra
18. **Jesus, Savior Pilot Me** — Haven of Rest Quartet
19. **My Faith Looks Up To Thee** — Bill Mann
20. **Blessed Assurance** — Claude Rhea
21. **Ivory Palaces** — Moody Chorale
22. **I Need Thee Every Hour** — Abilene Christian College A Cappella Choir
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New Questions for Old Answers

WHILE AN older generation followed the progress of a lunar missile launching, some 5,000 Methodist teen-agers on the Purdue University campus looked inward for answers to such questions as, "Who am I?" and "What do I believe?"

The young people who gathered in West Lafayette, Ind., for the National Convocation of Methodist Youth did not want handouts for answers. They wanted the chance to think for themselves. They got that chance. Through drama, worship, the arts, and deep discussion, the delegates—mostly high schoolers, a few older—got new ideas or had fuzzy ones clarified about great Christian themes.

The MYFers went home using the words *Incarnation, Crucifixion, Resurrection, Holy Spirit*—and knowing what they mean. If you doubt it, ask them.

Convocation members became the first large group to use parts of the new Methodist ritual and sing selections from the church's new hymnal. Formal addresses consisted only of four meditations by newly elected Bishop James S. Thomas of Iowa Area.

"Christian faith is not a neat system of theological ideas," said Bishop Thomas. "It is life, built on . . . God's mighty actions in human experience."

Experience was the key word at the convocation. Instead of speeches, the youths watched "Simon" and "Cathy," in dramatic roles created by Robert D. Hock to convey the teen struggle with life and its meaning. The performance showed the self-discovery and growing-up in faith of two young persons.

In activities, they chose from a sumptuous fare. They studied contemporary art forms treating Christian themes. They saw *David and Lisa*, a movie about the way one person comes to accept another. They talked to artists about their art and beliefs, heard concert pianists, watched the Scarritt Players in three one-act productions.

The real heart of the convocation was in 300 small discussion groups which met daily for two and one-half hours. Adult leaders, who met for two days of intensive training before the convocation started, were instructed to be open, to engage in conversation, and to help teen-agers uncover for themselves new insights on issues of life and faith.

This meant letting the youths talk frankly, a process that raises more questions than answers. Everything about the convocation steered away from adults handing out pat answers. If the youths got them, they had to figure them out for themselves, with guidance only as they asked for it.

This worried some adults. The young people wanted to know whether they must take the Bible literally. Is belief in a literal Virgin Birth necessary to Christian faith? How can Bible teachings have meaning for our lives today? What is the Resurrection all about? Is Christ really alive?

Could the youngsters take this treatment? Did it make their faith stronger? Interviewing a cross section of the youngsters after the convocation, I became convinced the answer to both questions is "yes."

They said convocation experiences "made us think for ourselves, which is better than being given the same old answers." One saw for the first time that Incarnation, Crucifixion, and Resurrection apply to our own lives.

The Christian meaning of love came through for one girl. "Love is worthwhile even in the face of death," a scene from the drama presentations said to her. "It proves that Christ's death was not for a lost cause."

A boy from the Midwest said he realized for the first time that Southerners are not "a bunch of bums." He and his roommate, a boy from the South, agreed: "Our generation is more liberal than our parents on race."

Many youths were awakened to the fact that the Bible is not a book too sacred to touch, but one to read, mark up, and use.

"This conference put lots of faith in us teen-agers," one said. "And that gives us lots more responsibility."

—NEWMAN S. CRYER

director of the Alabama Council on Human Relations, he was cited for contempt of court and jailed for refusing to surrender its records in a grand jury investigation of *New York Times* writer Harrison Salisbury.

Congo Missionary Killed; Methodists Narrowly Escape

The Rev. Burleigh A. Law, Jr., killed August 4 in a remote part of the Congo, was a trouble-shooting Methodist missionary whose mechanical skill helped Africans at the Wembo Nyama mission station gain productive jobs. He also was a licensed pilot who ferried personnel around the mission field.

At press time it was not known how he died, if he was killed by rebels opposing the Tshombe government, or what was done with the body.

The Board of Missions learned that several missionaries were being held under house arrest by the rebels, who had taken over Wembo Nyama in Kasai Province. They are Dr. and Mrs. William S. Hughlett of Cocoa, Fla., in charge of medical work; the Rev. and Mrs. Larry G. Pleimann, Lake Charles, La.; and the Rev. and Mrs. Douglas L. Crowder, Randolph, Nebr. It was said they were well treated, and the women and children later released.

Mrs. Law, widow of the dead missionary, and the couple's two sons were in the United States where the boys attend school.

Methodist stations north of Luluabourg were being evacuated. Two of the six had been without personnel.

Not all the missionaries held were from Wembo Nyama—they had gone there for the Congo Annual Conference just prior to the outbreak. A number of delegates, Bishop Newell S. Booth, and *World Outlook* Editor Henry C. Sprinkle, barely got out in time.

Mr. Law became a missionary in 1949 and went to the Congo in 1950.

Polygamy Issue Debated By Africa's Christian Council

The thorny question of polygamy is facing the Christian church in some mission areas, notably Africa.

Under tribal systems, it has been quite respectable and usually economically feasible for a man to have more than one wife. But when he becomes a Christian, he faces possible censure from the church and the problem of casting off extra wives and children.

A recent Christian family-life conference near Nairobi showed that Kenya's churches are far from agreement on this question. The 40 delegates rejected the recommendation of a previous All-Africa Seminar held in 1963 at Mindolo, Northern Rhodesia,

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that a man's wives and children should be received into the church with him.

This issue in general is over the admission of the men, as it is usual to baptize the women and children on the ground that they bear no responsibility for the marriage.

The Rev. J. Mbogori, conference chairman, called for more teaching on the nature of marriage, rather than just saying that polygamy is wrong. He pointed out the old idea that it is shameful for a woman to remain single, and not to bear children. There was general agreement that there should be love and care for those who made polygamous marriages, before and after they become Christians.

There were differences, however, on the exclusion from Holy Communion as a means of discipline in such cases. The earlier seminar had asked that this practice be abandoned, but the Kenya meeting was not prepared to accept this. The latter supported several moves toward elimination of polygamy, including clinics for couples unable to bear children, training for unmarried girls and widows, and Protestant religious orders for women.

Rabbi, Monk at Cornell

A Benedictine monk and a Hebrew rabbi are bringing an ecumenical touch to the campus of Methodist-related Cornell College in Iowa as new members of the faculty.

Father Boniface Meyer, OSB, of St. Leo Abbey and College in Florida, will teach "An Introduction to Catholicism" while earning a doctorate in comparative theology at the State University of Iowa. He has studied at the Universities of Ottawa, Notre Dame, and Strasbourg.

Rabbi Isaac Neuman is in his second year of teaching "An Introduction to Judaism" at Cornell. He is a native of Poland and has studied at the University of Cincinnati and Hebrew University in Jerusalem. For a time he was a rabbi in Panama.

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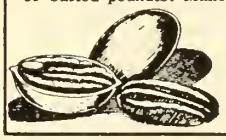

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Do You Love Your Church TOO MUCH?

IT IS NOT the fashion to go around telling your friends unabashedly that you love them. When it comes to describing something impersonal, however, like the New York Mets or chocolate-ripple ice cream or the church, "love" is safe and stylish. It also can be meaningless, improper, false—and, in the church, a façade for self-interest.

Members of a certain smaller, older church in one of our larger cities often used "love" to describe the deep affection they had for their church. The center and symbol of neighborhood life, it was a servant to its members and to all the community. But years passed, and many changes took place. Newcomers, increasing numbers of them Negroes, moved into the area and broke up its homogeneity.

This particular change, of course, was the subject of much discussion at the church. What to do? The answer represented a strong consensus: nothing. "They just wouldn't feel at home in our church," many said. Certain prominent members made it known they would leave if Negroes were admitted as members. The pastor, a benign smile hiding his fear of a mass exodus, even told some Negro visitors he was sure they would find worship elsewhere more to their liking.

Surrounded by change that had been accepted nearly everywhere else in the community, the dwindling congregation grimly held fast. But finally it became clear to conference officials that this no longer was a witnessing Christian fellowship, and a Negro pastor was assigned to the pulpit. Nearly all the remaining members promptly transferred out, wondering aloud whatever would become of the church they loved so well and had tried so hard to save. It was as though the church had died—when, in fact, it had been given new life and a chance to serve the community once again as it had in the past.

This, admittedly, is an extreme example. But it is not difficult to find other churches in which selfish or unchristian acts are rationalized as love for the church. In some suburbs, blue-collar workers or families with "foreign" names stir the same protective suspicion. In smaller communities, people who happen to live on the other side of the socio-economic tracks may be politely snubbed. No congregation, in fact, can honestly say, "It hasn't happened here." Nor can any of us deny we share some of the guilt when it does happen.

Paradoxically, the best churchmen—those who work hardest for the church because they love it so dearly—sometimes do the greatest harm. They are the opinion leaders in each congregation; they also often have a hand on the church's purse-strings and access to the pastor's ear for the giving of "advice." So they have both the interest and the power to influence the church's program and outreach. Like an overprotective mother, they may stifle creative adventure which is necessary in the process of growing and maturing.

The root of the problem, of course, often is a misunderstanding of what the church should be. One active churchman, deploring what he felt was heavy-handed pressure from higher church councils and officials, pointed out bluntly that laymen pay the bills and "it is time that the local church realized that they can control every issue if they will only stand for themselves." The point is, what are they to stand for? Themselves? Or the Christian church? A church of Christ, or of culture?

If some churches have forgotten their real mission, the blame cannot be laid (as we try to lay so many of our deficiencies) on the parsonage stoop. Yes, some pastors could do more to lead their flocks to a fuller understanding of the true church. They could do better in challenging laymen to accept their equal ministry to the world. But laymen have a duty to think and act even without the guidance of a perfect preacher. Laymen *are* the church, and it is past time to dispel that damaging concept of the pastor as a sort of drillmaster who issues all the church's marching orders.

Sometimes laymen go to the other extreme and issue orders to the pastor. Too many ministers have been humbled, if not hammered down and hiked out of town, for speaking frankly. Is the preacher considered just a showpiece, the community representative of a pious clique? Must he preach only the majority view? Or is he really given freedom of the pulpit—freedom to challenge our shallow assumptions, take issue with our hypocrisy, stir us to action as the body of Christ? Again, laymen who turn the tightest screws and wield the heaviest thumbs sometimes do so claiming they love their church too much to see the minister create unrest, controversy, and divisiveness.

Theologian Reinhold Niebuhr once described the church as "a curiously mixed body consisting of those who have never been shaken in their self-esteem or self-righteousness and who use the forms of religion for purposes of self-aggrandizement; and of the true Christians who live by 'a broken spirit and a contrite heart.'" When we begin to chart our lives by the second part of that statement, when we hear and respond to our calling as laymen with a mission, when we eliminate the petty, self-serving, social-club nature of some of church life, then we will have become a true church.

Until then, just loving the church, however commendable that may be, is not enough. When we say we are doing something out of love for our church, we must first be certain it is the church we love and serve, not a sanctimonious social club turned in upon itself to preserve the personal, cultural, secular values we may have grafted onto the Christian gospel.

—YOUR EDITORS

College Students: The Active Minority in Focus

By CAROL D. MULLER
Associate Editor

GEORGE McClain is a quiet, bespectacled young man with a newly earned bachelor of divinity degree. He is spending this year as a fieldworker, visiting campuses in the South and Midwest to help increase communication across racial boundaries.

"I've been disillusioned," he says, "by the lack of a sense of urgency in local churches. It seems to me it's a sign of how the church has become paralyzed by its identification with the society.

"It has become increasingly clear to me that the church must act—making mistakes, perhaps, and in a sense losing itself—or it can't be called a church."

A young Negro Methodist speaks: "If we act, we may be wrong; but if we don't, we *know* we're wrong."

Inside and outside the church, today's students are on the move in many areas of need and conflict. Although these young activists aren't a majority on any known campus, they are a significant minority—and they are making a deep impression on life around them.

Their efforts are often sporadic, and their progress can sometimes be questioned. But there is power in their unshackled willingness to take on almost any challenge in which the odds are thoroughly against them. Much of the impetus has been spontaneous, the result of on-the-spot reaction to misery and injustice.

Their outlook is ecumenical. Walls are being broken down, but not fast enough for many. Says Episcopal Bishop Daniel Corrigan, who led a historic combined Communion service at the last National Student Christian Federation quadrennial conference:

"Those of us who shared many large gatherings of students have sensed for some time their acute awareness of social change, their understanding that the massive and rapid redistribution of people has already made most groupings obsolete. Therefore, old-fashioned attempts at relationship between groups, including separated church groups, seem to them as conversations between ghosts."

In their drive to find meaningful relationships, some of these students have a missionary fervor. Many would not admit it; "missionary" is a word that, to them, carries stereotypes. But even that is changing. The Methodist Board of Missions has begun a series of new short-term missionary projects that has struck sparks in the Methodist Student Movement, a tradi-

tionally liberal group with a traditional indifference to mission fields. The first is the Congo team, 18 young men who now are undergoing a year's language training in Belgium, where they are living as a Christian community and ministering to some of the Congolese students there.

When they reach the Congo, they will be mobile and highly trained. They will go to points of greatest need and danger to help with specific tasks—such as teaching, public health, community planning—while living among the people at subsistence salaries. It is a peace corps deep in training and rich in Christian commitment.

Why have today's students been described as a breed that has not been seen before? There are more theories than answers.

"College students today are different from those of 5 or 10 years ago," says the Rev. W. M. Wells, Jr., director of the Methodist Student Movement in North Carolina. "They are concerned about literature and drama. It bothers them that the church has made such a feeble witness on social concerns. They take themselves quite seriously. Babies born in a hot war and reared during cold wars can hardly be expected to be jovial by the time they reach college age."

Dr. Eugene L. Smith, general secretary of the Board of Missions' World Division, offers a different commentary: "The young people of America are in the peculiar position of finding themselves at the top of the ladder. This is an exquisite form of torture. If you have been given so much that you cannot expect to gain appreciably more, then what? What can you do at that point, when you have a church that does not really know how to present the cross as a realistic alternative? . . .

"Perhaps that is why," he continues, "I have heard some privileged college students talk almost with envy of the Negro students in America who are given the incredible blessing of having a cause worth fighting and suffering for, and one which they know will ultimately triumph."

Perhaps that is also why many white students have enlisted in the drive for civil rights.

Back on campus, the ministers are facing new forms of historic problems. The activists are impatient with any form of organization that inhibits immediate results or seems simply a formality. Campus ministers have to be more creative than ever to make any headway. As one explained, "Most of these kids get involved in many other things; there are pressures from so many sides—and they just seem to take a four-year vacation from church."

Few campus ministers express any hope of reaching —significantly—the majority of Methodist students. But they are struggling to find ways to involve, in a meaningful way, more than a handful. Two of the more successful approaches have been small, in-depth study groups and, in some places, living units that seek to express themselves as Christian communities.

A widespread interest in theology also has created a point of contact. Tillich, Bultmann, Kierkegaard, and Barth have provoked long and strong discussion in many quarters where formal religious observance is brushed off.

Vital community projects have helped take the stereotype of isolated ingroups from some campus religious fellowships, too. In Georgia, which has the highest high-school dropout rate in the nation, students from Emory University and Agnes Scott College are tutoring at two community centers. "Our project began under the sponsorship of the Wesley Fellowship," campus minister Lon Chesnutt explains, "but we have been helped by students from many different denominations, and some without any denominational affiliation.

"As a result, there has been an increase of interest in our fellowship. Several of the tutors have begun coming to some of our meetings and opened themselves to what we are trying to do in the campus ministry."

In Minnesota, where the Rev. Jeanne Audrey Powers directs a co-ordinated Methodist Student Movement, five Easter-week projects, ranging from the inner city to an Indian reservation, so inspired students that they applied in greater numbers than ever for summer service projects.

Miss Powers believes it is "indicative of the growing desire on the part of students to leave their desks and bull sessions and engage in the work of the church at the very heart of the life of the world."

At the University of Colorado, 75 students of Protestant, Catholic, and Jewish backgrounds banded together to work with delinquent children and in inner-city projects. "Most are Peace Corps and short-term missionary aspirants," says the Rev. Alan R. Cleeton, "but they don't want to wait until they have finished their university work before they get started."

William J. Kliber, Wesley Foundation director at Montana State University, says the students he knows are taking their faith more seriously than others he remembers. Then he adds:

"The basic thing students are seeking today is identity. They are looking for who they are and what they are called to be in a world growing more and more impersonal and inhumane. There is the familiar rebellion and agnosticism in today's college students, but there is also a deep desire to listen to what the church is saying—or should be saying. The age-old need is for a definite and tangible challenge to which they can commit themselves."

The difference in the age-old need is that, among today's collegians, a significant, active minority is not content just to think about it. In far greater numbers than their predecessors, they are hammering away at specific answers. It has taken many of them far beyond the edges of the ivy. □

Civil rights worker Bob Zellner (left) talks with a Greenwood man whose windshield was smashed after he rented a building to rights workers. Vandals broke so much glass that volunteers dubbed the debris "civil rights grass."

Mississippi Summer Project

Pledged to nonviolence, hundreds of student volunteers braved certain danger in the year's largest civil rights project. Why? Some echoed Martin Luther's 'I can do no other.'

ONE SOUTHERN newspaper called them "a pitiful contingent of ill-guided sophomores." But by the time they were through, volunteers in the Mississippi Summer Project had earned the admiration of millions around the world, and the grudging respect even of many who resented and opposed their activity.

"Knowing full well that they are walking into certain danger," said the National Council of Churches Commission on Religion and Race, "they are surely following the best tradition of American courage in behalf of freedom."

The application forms of many volunteers indicated no religious preference. They talked mostly in terms of patriotic motivation.

For others—including more than 40 Methodists—Christian commitment was the driving force for participation in the project. This was true of Bob Zellner, a native of Alabama and son of a Methodist minister.

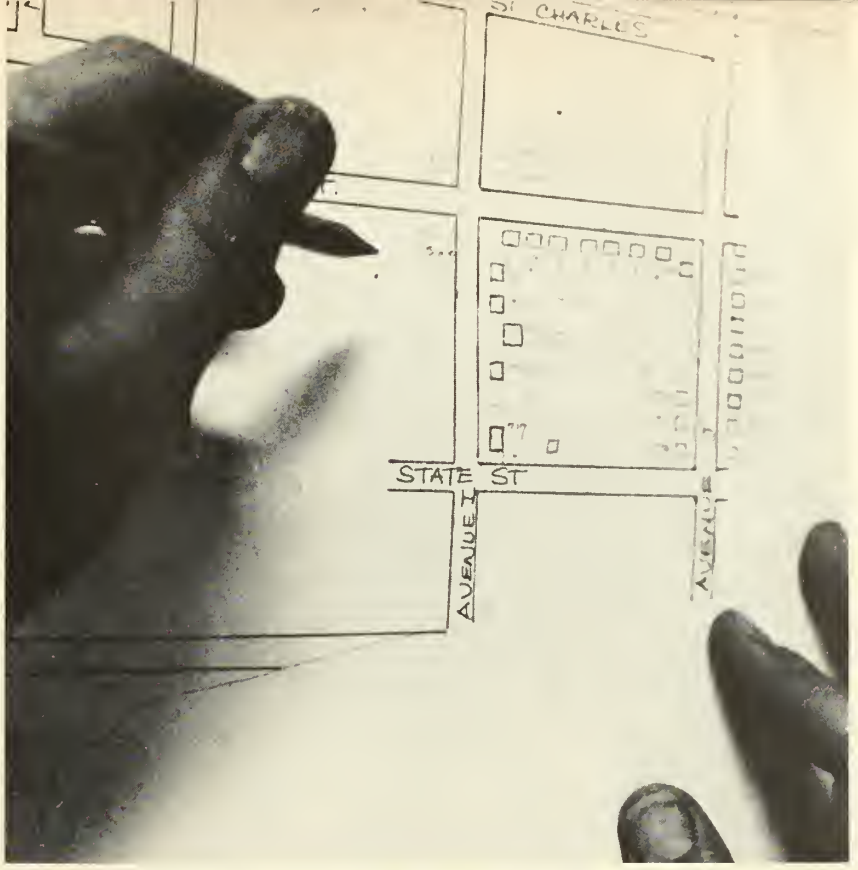
"Until the battle is won, I'll work in the South for civil rights," he says. "I'm a Christian and an American, and convictions from these positions demand my moral best."

Bob, who is 25, helped direct the summer work in Greenwood, a center of activity in the state. Now he is at Brandeis University, studying for a Ph.D. in sociology. Once he has it, he plans to continue civil rights work, perhaps in Alabama.

Opposition is nothing new to him. His father took a strong stand for minority rights, and when Bob went to college in his home state, he began asking embarrassing questions. State officials called him in for some "good advice"; smear literature circulated around campus. But he has never wavered.

That's how Bob and his wife, Dorothy, came to spend the sum-

Registration of Negro voters was "next to impossible," but canvassers still knocked on every door.



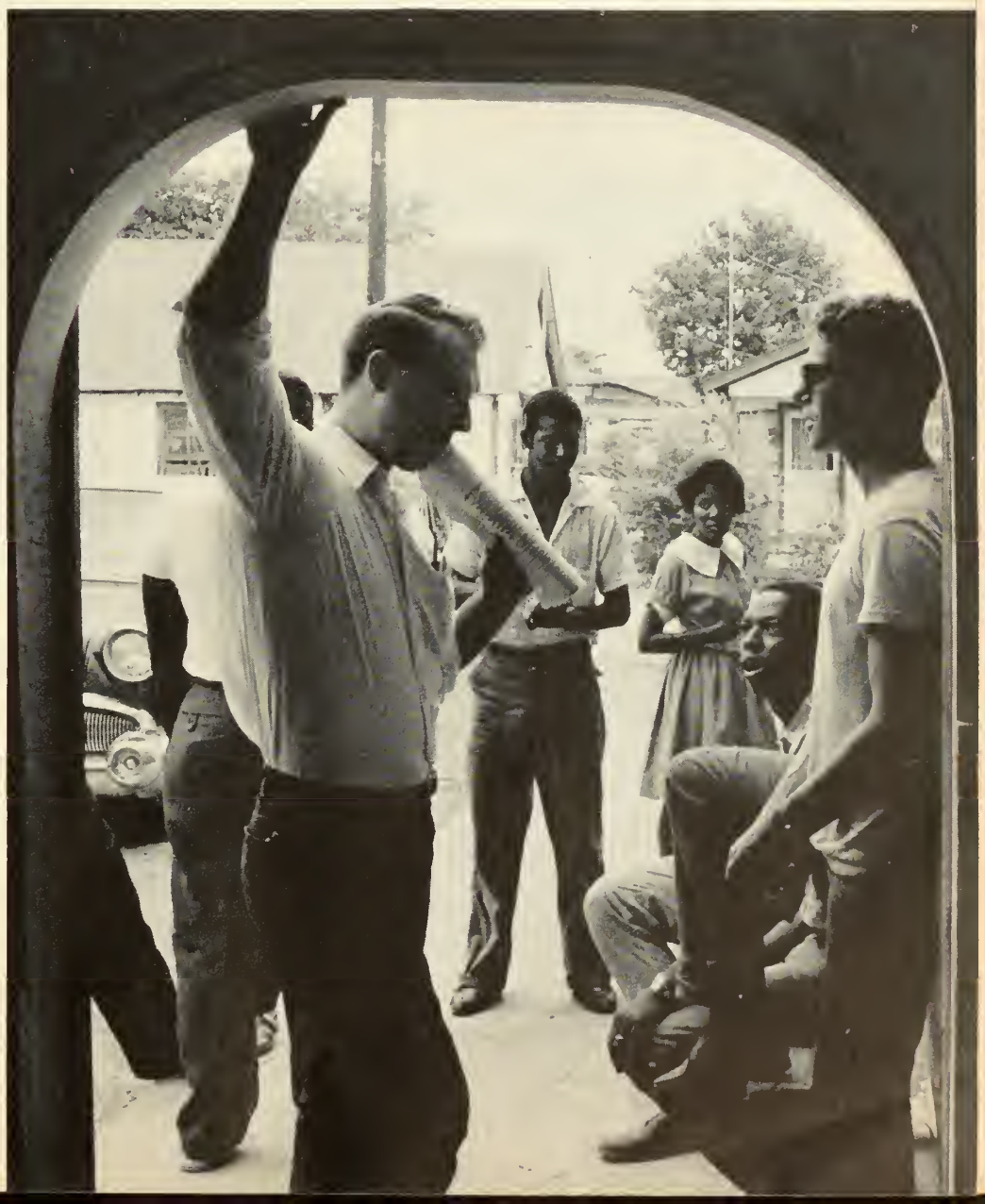
mer in Mississippi—along with about 900 other civil rights staff members and volunteers. Most of them college students but some much older, they poured in from all over the country after week-long training sessions in Oxford, Ohio, sponsored by the National Council of Churches. The NCC also recruited lawyers and minister-counselors to serve project personnel in Mississippi.

The largest group was still in training when three civil rights workers, investigating a church burning, disappeared in Neshoba County. The Rev. Richard Gould, Methodist campus minister at Chico State College in California, recorded his reaction at the training site:

"We now know for sure that we are not playing games. This is a life and death struggle, and each of us has to decide where he stands and where he will go. It is a tense feeling I get in the pit of my stomach as I consider the consequences of my decision. Yet I must go."

The project itself was organized and directed by the Council of Federated Organizations, a combination of civil rights groups in which the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee (SNCC) was most active. The aims were education—conducted through informal "Freedom Schools"—and voter registration. Demonstrations were carefully avoided, except for occasional picket lines during voter-registration drives.

Progress was agonizingly slow. Mississippi laws permit local registrars of voting to make the final decision about an applicant's ability to copy and interpret a section of the state's constitution. Of 420,000 eligible Negroes, only about 30,000 are registered. But, knowing progress is by littles, volunteers stuck doggedly to their work. Beth Moore, president of the Minnesota Methodist Student Move-



"At this rate," says Bob, "it'll take 135 years to get half the state's eligible Negro voters registered."

"Register and vote . . . this year" was the message Bob and Fred Mangrum carried into many Negro homes.

At civil rights headquarters in Greenwood, a student volunteer scans news from other areas.

Bob engages in horseplay with a neighborhood boy whose constant presence gave him the status of mascot.

Bob goes along to help dig a barbecue pit for an all-day "freedom picnic" which attracted hundreds of Negroes.

ment, who worked at a Freedom School in Hattiesburg, recalled the comment of one young Negro:

"We've got to break the system. It's like batting your head against a brick wall; it does no good, but you've got to keep trying."

The volunteers' greatest accomplishment may have been turning the spotlight on injustices.

Civil rights leaders vow their work will go on, and the National Council, with funds from the World Council of Churches, is starting a long-term project of civic and human betterment in the Delta this fall. A similar program is being planned for a major northern city.

Few volunteers, however, expect accelerated progress.

"Before we came to Mississippi, very few people really cared. Now, at least, there are parents all over the country who are actively concerned because their sons and daughters are here.

"My only question is this: After we, the white summer volunteers, leave Mississippi, will the concern of the nation leave with us?" □

Strategy is digested along with dinner as rights workers eat picnic-style from food provided by local women.

Thousands of collegians are discovering a raw, embattled world as they tutor the neglected, the unmotivated, and the delinquent. This one trekked from a suburban campus to a Chicago slum because . . .

'I Wanted to Do More'

By LINDA BLAIR

AT THE END of my freshman year of college, I went home with a head full of facts. My professors seemed to think I had accomplished what an average college student ought to accomplish, but I felt like a bedraggled page of an encyclopedia. The facts did not seem to relate to anything that mattered.

During the summer I kept mulling over my disappointment in education. Would I continue to read textbooks only because I had to pass exams? Would I merely keep on taking exams until I graduated?

When I returned to Northwestern University in Evanston, Ill., last fall, the Northwestern Student Tutoring Project (NSTP) was campaigning for new tutors. Ten Northwestern co-eds had begun the project in the spring of 1962 in an attempt *to do something* about the dropout rate in the inner-city schools of Chicago. NSTP now has 265 tutors who go once or twice a week to one of seven community centers on the west and north sides of the city. Recently 16 students from Methodist-related Garrett Theological Seminary, Evanston, joined the project as tutors.

The ideal ratio is one tutored child to one tutor, but the demand has forced many tutors to work with two or three tutees. Four hundred young people between the ages of 6 and 20 now are enrolled.

I signed up to be a tutor at a Young Men's Christian Association on Chicago's west side, and the project assigned me a 12-year-old Negro boy named Mickey.

The west side of Chicago bears little resemblance to the home neighborhoods of most Northwestern University students. Riding to the Y that first day, we stared wide-eyed at the worn buildings of the inner city. We watched the number of white faces grow fewer and fewer, until only Negroes were visible along the streets. We stepped off the tutoring bus, very aware of our $20 dresses, which are campus uniforms.

A tangle of romping grade-schoolers looked up for a moment when we entered the room, then they turned their attention back to their games. A crowd of boys punched at each other in a corner, calling each other names. One boy seemed to be the center of attention, punching harder and getting away with it, talking louder and making the others listen.

The project director called for quiet. The boy at the center of the group saw a chance for attention. He whispered something to another boy, then socked him in the ribs, and said, "You got that? Huh?" The boy answered angrily: "Yeh, Mick, I got it."

I got it, too. This was my tutee.

I devoted our first hour-and-a-half session to trying to devise ways to get Mickey to sit still. He quickly learned anything that interested him. But studying was obviously not his first love. He preferred doing the latest dance steps around the library table to learning anything out of a book.

Mickey attends one of many overcrowded Negro schools in the inner city. His teachers have too many pupils and not enough time to give him individual attention. Since he began school, his family has moved four times in search of better housing, and Mickey never really has had time to catch up in any of the schools. There is not much "better" housing in Chicago slums, and a four-room apartment with five children in it is not a good place to do homework. Scholastically, Mickey is one of many inner-city children who have been lost in the shuffle.

The collegiate tutor gives his tutee, first of all, attention—a scarce commodity for children in crowded schools and large families. Beyond that, the loose organization of the project puts development of the relationship on the shoulders of

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The more ideals a man has, the more contemptible is he if the matter ends there, and if there is no courage shown, no privations undergone, no scars contracted in the attempt to get them realized.

—William James
American Philosopher (1842-1910)

• • •

Linda Blair, a college junior majoring in journalism, found new meaning in her own education after she joined a tutoring project. She also probed the limits of her ingenuity as a teacher.

the individual tutor. No one tells him what to do. He is assigned a tutee, and his job is to discover the child's problem.

He will decide whether to help the tutee with his homework, work on better reading, or memorize the multiplication tables. If he does not want to repeat what the child heard in school all day, he can teach him how to play the piano or help him write stories. Or they can just talk. The tutor decides whether to be "best friends" with his tutee and let friendship be the motivation, or whether to maintain a sterner position of respect.

In the vicious circle of poor education-unemployment-slum residence-poor education, the lack of a model is an important factor. The inner-city child, like any child, aspires to goals that someone he admires sets for him.

When everyone the child knows lives on the west side of Chicago, it is no surprise he does not aspire to get out. When he has never had a friend who went to college, it is no surprise that his answers to the question, "What are you going to do when you get out of high school?" are "Go home" or "Be a garbage man."

Last year several inner-city children were asked on a questionnaire: "What college would you like to attend?" A grade-school boy wrote "University of Mississippi." James Meredith's ordeals, when he became the first Negro to enroll there, had familiarized the boy with the name of that college; he had never heard of any others.

The tutor serves one of the most important functions as a model—a friend who goes to college, who wants to be an engineer or a college professor or an actress. The only other available models are older adolescents who are members of gangs, or adults who hold menial jobs or subsist on public-welfare checks.

Status symbols are discipline from a teacher, loud clothes, scars, or the ability to procure liquor. To illustrate the changes in attitude that tutoring can effect: one of the most highly prized rewards that a tutor can give a tutee for reaching some goal is a notebook with the university seal on its cover.

Often, in the city's Negro ghetto, ability goes unused. Why should a Negro child work for A grades when he can go outside and play baseball and get a D? His experience has shown him that society will not judge him as an A or D student, but as a Negro. His friends and his family do not ordinarily lay great stress upon grades. Sometimes the tutor can make the difference, becoming the admired friend who will praise him for higher grades and who honestly cares about him.

Mickey's grades went up on both report cards during his tutoring. He slowly became less of a discipline problem during our sessions together, and he occasionally asked, at the end of the hour and a half, if we could go to the YMCA library so he could "see about some books."

It especially pleased me that his decrease in toughness had not impaired his status with the gang. I was ill one week and missed a session. The next week I walked into the Y, searching among the faces of the children for Mickey. I saw him jump up without a word to the other boys. He ran across the room and threw his arms around my waist. The boys looked on and said nothing. Mickey tipped his face up and said: "I'm glad you're not sick today."

Who gains most from tutoring—the tutored child or the tutor? I never could make up my mind about that. Most tutors when they enter the project share the feeling of the girls who started it—that it is important to the children who need help and it is important to college students, whose world tends to be as big as their campus, who need to "do something" about social problems. The aim is not necessarily to transform the west side. Rather it is to contribute something constructive and to work with real problems so that you understand what society is up against.

"When I'm at school, I'm one more Joe College," a fellow student told me. "The world doesn't give us credit for much. Maybe we don't deserve much credit. Sometimes I feel like a six-foot sponge. I get up in the morning and go to classes, and then I come back to the dorm and get out my list of things to do. The list says, 'Read history.' So I read my history. I guess you don't deserve much credit for that.

"But when I'm a tutor, I have a purpose. I have to come up with some way to help my tutee. I want

a lot for that kid, and I have to lose some sleep if I'm going to do him any good. And when he makes some progress, then what I am doing has meaning."

The tutor becomes so involved with his tutee that his work gains meaning only when the child responds. A tutor would have a hard time forgetting how hopeful and hardworking some of the ghetto children are. He would have a hard time ever turning away from a civil rights issue anywhere, because he has learned how big a battle there is to fight, and he is cheering hard for one small soldier.

"You have to get past the statistics and the headlines," as one co-ed said it. "I've read that sometimes kids get hooked on dope, and I've read statistics about boys who are sent to reform school. Last year, I tutored a boy who was three years behind in his class. We were pretty optimistic that with tutoring he might graduate from high school this spring—and you know how much a diploma means when it comes to getting a job. I was so proud of him. We were both working so hard.

"Then one night he didn't show up, and they told me that he had been sent to reform school for pushing narcotics. He was my good friend, and I don't know where he is now or what's happening to him. But I'll tell you, there's a lot of difference between going through something like that, and reading a bunch of statistics."

To many Northwestern tutors, NSTP has meant the difference between feeling like a rumpled encyclopedia page and feeling like a real student. "On campus those sociology books are a bore," one co-ed told me. "They're what I have to get through so I don't flunk out. It's only when I've been down to the west side that I feel *hungry* to know more—about sociology, political science, economics—everything that works together in a society to put people in a mess like this. I come home from tutoring really anxious to hit the books, to learn more so that I can help these people out."

Memorized facts are useless until one encounters a situation where they are relevant. But if we sit on a campus for four or six years and then go out to use our knowledge, a big share of it has been forgotten and lost.

The attitudes of tutors toward the project range from do-gooding to self-interest. A Southern girl told me: "No, I don't like these people. I guess you can call that prejudice if you want. They're undereducated, their culture and living standards are a drag on society in general. Education is the only way to change them; that's why I'm here. These kids are caught in a vicious circle, and I think that tutoring is an important step in breaking the circle. I'm not a do-gooder. I'm out to protect my own welfare as much as theirs."

"Within certain limits, it doesn't really matter what the attitude of the tutor is," says Peter Lewis, director of the project. "Some are ardent civil rights workers; some are romantic, save-the-world types; some are just curious. They will all learn from tutoring, and their tutees will gain the benefit of the attention. This is one advantage of the loose way the project is organized. A tutor is left to work out a relationship that is adjusted to the child's needs and to his own viewpoint. Almost anyone can modify the tutoring relationship to his attitude and accomplish something. They serve their own purposes and those of the project at the same time."

Sometimes I think the inner-city children must have a good time laughing at us—Joe College and Sorority Sue come to uplift them. Some of those kids know more about life in the raw than we will know when we are 40 years old and president of the PTA somewhere. But Joe and Sue are good kids under all that naïveté and proper upbringing, and somehow good kids can manage to crawl out from under any stereotype.

I remember riding the tutoring bus home one night. The students were munching miscellaneous sandwiches and candy bars because evening tutors miss dinner at their dormitories. A boy threw an apple core out a window, and the driver reprimanded him for littering the highway.

"I'm not littering the highway," the boy called back. "I'm planting apple trees."

We are students. We are young. Our amateur methods are our own. But we cannot help feeling that we are planting something which will grow as it is nurtured and tended by people who—two by two—understand each other. □

SHE CRACKED CAMPUS COMPLACENCY

HUNDREDS of volunteer tutoring projects dot the country today, and no two are quite alike. But many do have this in common: They are the result of initial action by one student or a small group.

The Northwestern University project Linda Blair describes was the brainchild of Judy Long, who overheard her professor-father discussing illiteracy's part in unemployment.

About the same time a symposium—also given impetus by one student and now a yearly highlight at the university—delved into the problem of *Commitment in an Age of Anxiety*. Judy and her father discussed the implications.

"Dad said students were complacent," Judy recalls. "We listened to discussions, he said, but we didn't do anything."

She decided to prove otherwise and, with student dropouts as her target, she held her first meeting. Six students attended.

Now there are 265, and one of the original group, Joyce Bolinger, has been appointed executive secretary of the State of Illinois' Committee on Literacy and Learning. Her assignment: help other student groups organize tutoring programs.

"Today we estimate there are 3,000 collegians tutoring 10,000 students," she reports.

And that's just in one state. □

Project Director W. T. Browne (center) inspects the site where an Angolan student worked. Two other young men worked with a local manufacturer.

A Blue-Collar Summer

In Atlanta, 'Students-in-Industry' taste the workingman's life

THE CREW-CUT young man, dressed in a T-shirt and wash pants, leaned against the impersonal, tiled wall of the teamsters' hiring hall. He had been there all morning and he knew that, like the others waiting with him, he might be there all day without getting called for a job.

"It's OK when you're working," he said, and he sounded tired from boredom. "But the waiting's endless."

He was one of 12 college men who spent the summer in Atlanta, Ga., using youth and strength as their credentials and trying to wrest livings from an increasingly mechanized and skilled economy.

Most summer projects are designed with as few built-in problems as possible, but the participants in students-in-industry, one of a wide range of projects sponsored by the Methodist Student Movement and various church boards and agencies, discovered that frustration was a prime and necessary ingredient. They had signed up to share the workingman's life, and this was part of it.

The Rev. William T. Browne, project director, had some leads for them, but there was still a lot of looking, a lot of waiting, and considerable disappointment.

Some got steady jobs at $1.25 an hour. Others reported to hiring halls each day. Teamsters' dock workers —who do such unskilled chores as loading and unloading trucks— make $3.12 an hour, when they work. The first week one of the boys sat and squirmed for three days, then worked 14 of the next 22 hours and managed to meet the week's expenses.

The students lived at Emory University. They compared experiences and spent two evenings a week in seminars where businessmen and labor leaders outlined their problems. There was also a seminar in theology each week, where contemporary life was examined in Christian perspective.

For the privilege of experiencing a blue-collar summer, the men paid $100 for a room at the university and spent about $150 for food. They also paid their own costs of getting to and from Atlanta—and they came from as far as Washington State and California.

The project was held in Atlanta for the second year, Mr. Browne explained, because the wide diversity of industry there provides a better-than-average chance for employment.

The students-in-industry project has been held in past years in other industrial centers. It evolved because of the concern among church and student leaders that college-trained people often have no knowledge of the lives of the laboring man, and they are not likely to find out if they do not get a taste of it before they graduate into professional life.

For many participants, though, their motivation was more specific.

Mike Dunn, who has worked on the docks at Duluth while studying at the University of Minnesota, said, "I could have stayed home and cleared perhaps a thousand dollars." Instead, he fought the battle of making ends meet. "I think most of it was a concern for the Southern worker," he said of his reason for coming. "You can't get all the answers out of books."

Ismael Martins, an Angolan who landed a job in a construction crew at a Negro housing project, also wanted to explore the problems of the workingman in the South—particularly the Negro.

Mohan Das Isaac, an engineering student whose home is in India but who has been studying in the United States, hoped to get a job where he could practice some engineering skills. "Instead," he said disconsolately, "I shoveled dirt."

Bryan Jones, a sophomore at Nebraska Wesleyan, "couldn't go any longer without learning firsthand about the race problem."

They learned and went home with an appreciation of another world: where they were not friends or sons of the boss, but just faces; where "college student" meant little, and where people did not generally smile and ask their names.

They went back to their college campuses with hard-won concerns about automation, unemployment, working conditions, and the myriad reasons the workingman often does not have pride in his job.

A dozen college men invested one summer. The return on their investment is hard to calculate. □

When Indiana University students undertook a ministry at a dying church, they were told they couldn't succeed. They went anyway.

They Kept a Church Alive

Sunday service and pastoral calling over, team members regroup for the drive back to campus—perhaps in time to eat.

"I HATE to close a church," says District Superintendent William N. Burton. "It's like burying a member of the family."

But as he sat musing about Mulberry Street Methodist, more than a year ago, he wondered what else he could do. Located in a run-down residential section in the southern Indiana county seat of Martinsville, it once had been a thriving Methodist Protestant Church, and amens had filled the little white, clapboard building as the congregation responded to preachers who stood squarely in the frontier revival tradition.

But then walkouts by dissident groups, family quarrels, poverty, and plain bad luck began to take their toll. Some members who had the potential for a better economic life moved. Today, those who remain are mostly unskilled laborers and their families.

When Bill Burton sat down to ponder what could be done, the church had no money to pay even a part-time preacher—if, indeed, one could have been found.

There is another Methodist church in Martinsville, but the religious, cultural, and economic differences between the two are vast. Besides, the people at Mulberry make it clear that they are not interested in changing churches. Mulberry is *their* church.

With the ingenuity that sometimes is born of desperation, Dr. Burton finally called Levon G. King, a young, soft-spoken minister to students at Indiana University, 20 miles south of Martinsville at Bloomington.

Could Mr. King find some undergraduates who would be willing to try a group ministry at Mulberry Street? In the challenge that it posed, Dr. Burton explained, he saw an opportunity for students to find an outlet and a testing ground for their faith.

Mr. King found eight who were interested—mostly pretheological students and their fiancées or steady dates. Dr. Burton promptly warned them: "This won't be a success story. At best it's a chance to temporarily help a handful of people."

In the year that followed, they put in uncounted hours of unpaid labor. They taught and preached. They listened, made friends. They made small gains and suffered sporadic setbacks. They struggled to understand an emotional religion that is alien to them.

The results, after months of struggle? Mainly disappointment at the little they have been able to accomplish; they doubt that they have helped in any significant way. Only one of the original group is planning to continue at the church this fall. (He may be joined by several newer recruits.) On the other side of the scale, they learned plenty.

The first one to find out about the problems was Larry, Dr. Burton's son, who began the ministry in the summer of 1963 while the other students were away.

Larry, who wants to direct religious films after he attends seminary, is the most outspoken and admittedly pessimistic of the group. He quit after the fall semester.

"It was a noble failure," he says. "There we were, a bunch of immature students, playing church. We were over our heads, and that can be dangerous."

At the church there was, as his father warned him, roiling dissension. The man who had been acting as lay preacher showed strong signs of wanting to establish his own religion.

With a copy of the Methodist *Discipline* in his hand, Larry called a meeting of the official board—which meant all adult members—and he made it plain that the church would remain Methodist.

The lay preacher left, and with him went more than half of the pitifully small congregation. When the smoke died down, seven members remained, plus an assortment of children.

Dr. Burton watched his son with more than passing interest. "He still doesn't realize how much he's learned," the district superintendent says. "His first reaction was outright ridicule: 'How can these people be so stupid?' Then came,

'Dad, this is just pitiful. 'And finally, 'What can we do to help?' "

Larry says of the experience. "I learned tolerance of another kind of religious expression. If you take emotion away from these people, you take away their religion; and that's no answer unless you can replace it with something else."

Another part of the problem is the concept of a group ministry.

"A ministerial team is so terribly alien to the people," says Mr. King. "But I think any one of these students could go and be a minister—if any of them had the time." Of course, he adds, none has time.

Yet there has been a brighter side to their work. Judy Scholl laughingly told about the Sunday afternoon she and Sue Grier went to visit one family.

"We had such a good time," she said, "that we started at 3, stayed for supper, and finally left at 8."

On the other hand, Sue, one of the youngest members of the group as a sophomore, grimaced as she thought of the problems of pastoral calling. "In one instance," she said, "I wound up in the middle of a family conflict. I just felt like covering my head and ducking."

Besides Larry, Dave Yegerlehner and his fiancée left the team after the fall semester. "To minister to people of this socioeconomic level," Dave said of the Mulberry area, "you must meet them in filling stations, bars, and homes. Very few come to church, which is where this project has aimed almost entirely."

If the gains were small, at least they stood out. One of the older women in the church had been estranged from her daughter, who lived nearby. The students listened, and got them both to church, where they finally talked to each other—the first step to reconciliation.

Another woman, who had been a member of the church as a youngster, was visited by several team members while hospitalized.

"The fourth time we visited her," Chris Smith recalled, "she said she no longer felt alone—that she had experienced Christian love and concern." But she has not been to church since.

When it came time to talk about plans for this school year, the team members made their decisions.

Bill Kaster and Sue Grier were married during the summer, and Bill is taking a paid, student charge. Even if he had the opportunity, he would not go back: "The campus is more important."

Dave Houston, who will work with a youth group this year, agrees the university should have priority but also has conflicting feelings. "These people have needs, and I'd sacrifice at least part of my time again if I weren't doing the youth work."

"If the church did close tomorrow," Chris Smith believes, "the people would be pretty happy in another church that offers an arousing religion."

"But," counters Dave, "I don't think it's a good idea to sluff off help that might be given by saying, 'Well, they're happy.' "

Judy Scholl has had the same reaction as several of the others: "One reason I don't want to continue is because I feel I'm not adequate to handle the situation. Although I've gained much, I have a need to have my own thought stimulated by attending services where I'm not a leader."

Those who have advised the team are far kinder to the students than the students are to themselves.

David J. Lawson, Methodist minister to married students at Indiana University, met with them last spring to help them with pastoral counseling problems.

"I was impressed," he said, "with the realistic grasp of life they all seemed to have."

For his part, Dr. Burton did not believe when he got the idea—and he does not believe now—that students can work the miracle needed at Mulberry. But a degree of his satisfaction shows through:

"Despite their immaturity and lack of experience, they're better than any alternative I had. They've done more than anyone before them, and they've helped answer for themselves the question: 'How much do I love people?'"

—Carol D. Muller

Bill Kaster (second from left) takes his turn leading the adult class, which meets in the sanctuary.

Unusual Methodists

USUALLY WORKERS have to go where the jobs are. But when Robert H. Menke (left, above) found a group of college students who needed part-time employment to stay in school, he brought jobs to them.

Ten furniture factories in Indiana and Florida provide Mr. Menke a comfortable living, but an 11th plant gives him scant return on his investment. It was not intended to. The idea for this factory started in the winter of 1961 when Mr. Menke, who believes firmly in continuing education, was taking a speech course in Oakland City, a town of 3,000 in southwestern Indiana. No new industry had been built there in half a century, and lack of local jobs forced students at Oakland City College to travel long distances to find work.

Although 20 years had passed, Bob Menke had not forgotten how he had worked his way through Indiana University by washing dishes, waiting tables, and dusting books in the library. Similar opportunities were needed in Oakland City, he decided, and he went to work on a plan to provide them. He arranged to use part of an old building owned by the college and bought machinery from a bankrupt company in Cincinnati. His initial investment was $25,000.

By September, 1962, College Industries, Inc., was operating two short shifts geared to college students' schedules, producing phonograph record cabinets. After training, students took over the entire operation. Today it is prospering.

Normally, 25 to 30 students are employed, and the monthly payroll is about $2,000—modest by some standards, but a sizable economic boost to a small town. This year, Mr. Menke expects to turn over $2,500 in profits to college officials for general purposes. He hopes that figure will grow eventually to $10,000.

Bob Menke has come a long way since his own college days. A native of Huntingburg, near Oakland City, he was graduated from IU in 1941. Immediately he volunteered for duty in the Army Air Corps and served in the Pacific. Back home after World War II, he managed a furniture factory, then started the first of his own.

One of Indiana University's most loyal alumni, he has given much time to university service. By commuting to classes in his own plane, he earned a master's degree in government in 1953, the same year he served in the Indiana General Assembly. In 1955, he was named Indiana's outstanding young man by the state's Junior Chamber of Commerce. He, his wife, and four children are members of Huntingburg Methodist Church, where Mr. Menke has served as lay leader.

ONLY A PART OF Rear Admiral Magruder H. Tuttle's widespread responsibilities are covered in the military shorthand of his primary title: Commander Fleet Air Quonset.

That covers the fact that the admiral, headquartered at the U.S. Naval Air Station in Quonset Point, R.I., has command of all carrier-type aircraft squadrons based in the Quonset complex. In addition, however, he is commander of Quonset Antisubmarine Warfare, and is thus responsible for antisubmarine activity from New Jersey to the Canadian border. He is also commander of air bases in the First Naval District, which encompasses all New England, except Connecticut.

Admiral and Mrs. Tuttle are lifetime Methodists. (The admiral's father and grandfather both were pastors in the North Carolina Conference.) Today, the Tuttles and their four children are faithful members of the East Greenwich (R.I.) Methodist Church.

DOWN IN Ninety Six, S.C., 95-year-old Thomas C. Anderson allows no dust to settle on his surveying equipment. During a career now going on at least 75 years, he has surveyed every major piece of property in Greenwood County. He can locate from memory most property lines he has run, and he still takes on several jobs a week.

"If I had charged all my life what most surveyors charge now," he says, "I would be a rich man." But he never asks for more than he knows a person can afford, and often he will not accept any payment.

Mr. Anderson, a stalwart at the Mount Lebanon Methodist Church, still teaches the men's Bible class each Sunday. His wife, whom he married in 1905, is as active as he. Says his son-in-law, the Rev. R. Bryce Herbert, pastor of Central Methodist Church in Florence, S.C., "Mr. Tom, as he is affectionately known throughout the community, is quite a guy!"

DR. RALPH W. McKEE has invested much of his professional career, and substantial amounts of other people's money, in a search for answers to the agonizing riddles of cancer. As a result of previous outstanding work, the California biochemist, who is an assistant dean of the UCLA school of medicine, currently holds four research grants. His inquiry has been concerned with physiological differences between normal and cancer cells, and he has also been doing fundamental studies in development of cancer vaccines. He predicts that cures for some of the many types of cancer will be found within 30 years.

Dr. McKee and his family belong to Community Methodist Church in Pacific Palisades, where they participate in a wide range of activities. "The McKees are among the most dedicated stewards of our church," declares the Rev. Albert M. Smith, their pastor.

Illustration by the author.

The Day the Dam Broke

By JAMES THURBER

MY MEMORIES of what my family and I went through during the 1913 flood in Ohio I would gladly forget. And yet neither the hardships we endured nor the turmoil and confusion we experienced can alter my feeling toward my native state and city. I am having a fine time now and wish Columbus were here, but if anyone ever wished a city was in hell it was during that frightful and perilous afternoon in 1913 when the dam broke, or, to be more exact, when everybody in town thought the dam broke.

We were both ennobled and demoralized by the experience. Grandfather especially rose to magnificent heights which can never lose their splendor for me, even though his reactions to the flood were based upon a profound misconception; namely, that Nathan Bedford Forrest's cavalry was the menace we were called upon to face. The only possible means of escape for us was to flee the house, a step which grandfather

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sternly forbade, brandishing his old army sabre in his hand. "Let the — — —— come!" he roared.

Meanwhile, hundreds of people were streaming by our house in wild panic, screaming, "Go east! Go east!" We had to stun Grandfather with the ironing board. Impeded as we were by the inert form of the old gentleman—he was taller than six feet and weighed almost 170 pounds—we were passed in the first half mile by practically everybody else in the city. Had Grandfather not come to, at the corner of Parsons Avenue and Town Street, we would unquestionably have been overtaken and engulfed by the roaring waters—that is, if there had *been* any roaring waters.

Later, when the panic had died down and people had gone rather sheepishly back to their homes and their offices, minimizing the distances they had run and offering various reasons for running, city engineers pointed out that even if the dam had broken, the water level would not have risen more than two additional inches in the West Side. The West Side was, at the time of the dam scare, under 30 feet of water—as, indeed, were all Ohio towns during the great spring floods of 20 years ago. The East Side (where we lived and where all the running occurred) had never been in any danger at all. Only a rise of some 90 feet could have caused the flood waters to flow over High Street —the thoroughfare that divided the east side of town from the west—and engulf the East Side.

THE fact that we were all as safe as kittens under a cookstove did not, however, assuage in the least the fine despair and the grotesque desperation which seized upon the residents of the East Side when the cry spread like a grass fire that the dam had given way. Some of the most dignified, staid, cynical, and clear-thinking men in town abandoned their wives, stenographers, homes, and offices and ran east. There are few alarms in the world more terrifying than, "The dam has broken!" There are few persons capable of stopping to reason when that clarion cry strikes upon their ears, even persons who live in towns no nearer than 500 miles to a dam.

The Columbus, Ohio, broken-dam rumor began, as I recall it, about noon of March 12, 1913. High Street, the main canyon of trade, was loud with the placid hum of business and the buzzing of placid businessmen arguing, computing, wheedling, offering, refusing, compromising. Darius Conningway, one of the foremost corporation lawyers in the Middle West, was telling the Public Utilities Commission in the language of Julius Caesar that they might as well try to move the Northern star as to move him. Other men were making their little boasts and their little gestures. Suddenly somebody began to run. It may be that he had simply remembered, all of a moment, an engagement to meet his wife, for which he was now frightfully late.

Whatever it was, he ran east on Broad Street (probably toward the Maramor Restaurant, a favorite place for a man to meet his wife). Somebody else began to run, perhaps a newsboy in high spirits. Another man, a portly gentleman of affairs, broke into a trot. Inside of 10 minutes, everybody on High Street, from the Union depot to the courthouse was running. A loud mumble gradually crystallized into the dread word "dam." "The dam has broke!" The fear was put into words by a little old lady in an electric, or by a traffic cop, or by a small boy; nobody knows who, nor does it now really matter. Two thousand people were abruptly in full flight. "Go east!" was the cry that arose—east away from the river, east to safety. "Go east! Go east! Go east!"

Black streams of people flowed eastward down all the streets leading in that direction; these streams, whose headwaters were in the dry-goods stores, office buildings, harness shops, movie theaters, were fed by trickles of housewives, children, cripples, servants, dogs, and cats, slipping out of the houses past which the main streams flowed, shouting and screaming. People ran out leaving fires burning and food cooking and doors wide open. I remember, however, that my mother turned out all the fires and that she took with her a dozen eggs and two loaves of bread. It was her plan to make Memorial Hall, just two blocks away, and to take refuge somewhere in the top of it, in one of the dusty rooms where war veterans met and where old battle flags and stage scenery were stored. But the seething throngs, shouting "Go east!" drew her along and the rest of us with her.

When Grandfather regained full consciousness, at Parsons Avenue, he turned upon the retreating mob like a vengeful prophet and exhorted the men to form ranks and stand off the Rebel dogs, but at length he, too, got the idea that the dam had broken and, roaring "Go east!" in his powerful voice, he caught up in one arm a small child and in the other a slight clerkish man of perhaps 42, and we slowly began to gain on those ahead of us.

A scattering of firemen, policemen, and army officers in dress uniforms—there had been a review at Fort Hayes, in the northern part of town—added color to the surging billows of people. "Go east!" cried a little child in a piping voice, as she ran past a porch on which drowsed a lieutenant colonel of infantry. Used

READER'S CHOICE

IN THE child's fable about Chicken Little, the animals flee a supposedly falling sky. James Thurber makes the same point in this fictional poke at adult human behavior. A fine humorist, Thurber (1894-1961) has more to say than "foibles are funny." Walter Mitty, a man who leads a "secret life" in one of Thurber's best-known stories, is funny; he also is pathetic. The people in his sketches are funny; they also are portrayals of man bewildered and formless. It is, of course, a Thurber drawing that illustrates this *Reader's Choice* selection. Like many wonderful Thurber stories, it is drawn from his Ohio boyhood, and appeared in *The New Yorker*.

We welcome your suggestion for *Reader's Choice!*—EDS.

to quick decisions, trained to immediate obedience, the officer bounded off the porch, and running at full tilt, soon passed the child, bawling, "Go east!" The two of them emptied rapidly the houses of the little street they were on. "What is it? What is it?" demanded a fat, waddling man who intercepted the colonel. The officer dropped behind and asked the little child what it was. "The dam has broke!" gasped the girl. "The dam has broke!" roared the colonel. "Go east! Go east! Go east!" He was soon leading, with the exhausted child in his arms, a fleeing company of 300 persons who had gathered around him from living rooms, shops, garages, backyards, and basements.

Nobody has ever been able to compute with any exactness how many people took part in the great rout of 1913, for the panic, which extended from the Winslow Bottling Works in the south end of Clintonville, six miles north, ended as abruptly as it began and the bobtail and ragtag and velvet-gowned groups of refugees melted away and slunk home, leaving the streets peaceful and deserted. The shouting, weeping, tangled evacuation of the city lasted not more than two hours in all. Some few people got as far east as Reynoldsburg, 12 miles away; 50 or more reached the country club, 8 miles away; most of the others gave up, exhausted, or climbed trees in Franklin Park, 4 miles out. Order was restored and fear dispelled finally by means of militiamen riding about in motor lorries bawling through megaphones: "The dam has *not* broken!" At first this tended only to add to the confusion and increase the panic, for many stampeders thought the soldiers were bellowing, "The dam has now broken!" thus setting an official seal of authentication on the calamity.

It is useless to attempt to reason a man out of a thing he was never reasoned into.

—Jonathan Swift

All the time, the sun shone quietly and there was nowhere any sign of oncoming waters. A visitor in an airplane, looking down on the straggling, agitated masses of people below, would have been hard put to divine a reason for the phenomenon. It must have inspired, in such an observer, a peculiar kind of terror, like the sight of the *Marie Celeste*, abandoned at sea, its galley fires peacefully burning, its tranquil decks bright in the sunlight.

An aunt of mine, Aunt Edith Taylor, was in a movie theater on High Street when, over and above the sound of the piano in the pit (a W. S. Hart picture was being shown), there rose the steadily increasing tromp of running feet. Persistent shouts rose above the tromping. An elderly man, sitting near my aunt, mumbled something, got out of his seat, and went up the aisle at a dogtrot. This started everybody. In an instant the audience was jamming the aisles. "Fire!" shouted a woman who always expected to be burned up in a theater; but now the shouts outside were louder and coherent. "The dam has broken!" cried somebody. "Go east!" screamed a small woman in front of my aunt. And east they went, pushing and shoving and clawing, knocking women and children down, emerging finally into the street, torn and sprawling.

Inside the theater, Bill Hart was calmly calling some desperado's bluff and the brave girl at the piano played *Row! Row! Row!* loudly and then *In My Harem*. Outside, men were streaming across the statehouse yard, others were climbing trees, a woman managed to get up onto the "These Are My Jewels" statue, whose bronze figures of Sherman, Stanton, Grant, and Sheridan watched with cold unconcern the going to pieces of the capital city.

"I ran south to State Street, east on State to Third, south on Third to Town, and out east on Town," my Aunt Edith has written me. "A tall spare woman with grim eyes and a determined chin ran past me down the middle of the street. I was still uncertain as to what was the matter, in spite of all the shouting. I drew up alongside the woman with some effort, for although she was in her late 50s, she had a beautiful easy running form and seemed to be in excellent condition. 'What is it?' I puffed. She gave me a quick glance and then looked ahead again, stepping up her pace a trifle. 'Don't ask me, ask God!' she said.

"When I reached Grant Avenue, I was so spent that Dr. H. R. Mallory—you remember Dr. Mallory, the man with the white beard who looks like Robert Browning?—well, Dr. Mallory, whom I had drawn away from at the corner of Fifth and Town, passed me. 'It's got us!' he shouted, and I felt sure that whatever it was *did* have us, for you know what conviction Dr. Mallory's statements always carried. I didn't know at the time what he meant, but I found out later. There was a boy behind him on roller skates, and Dr. Mallory mistook the swishing of the skates for the sound of rushing water. He eventually reached the Columbus School for Girls, at the corner of Parsons Avenue and Town Street, where he collapsed, expecting the cold frothing waters of the Scioto to sweep him into oblivion. The boy on the skates swirled past him and Dr. Mallory realized for the first time what he had been running from. Looking back up the street, he could see no signs of water, but nevertheless, after resting a few minutes, he jogged on east again. He caught up with me at Ohio Avenue, where we rested together.

"I should say that about 700 people passed us. A funny thing was that all of them were on foot. Nobody seemed to have had the courage to stop and start his car; but as I remember it, all cars had to be cranked in those days, which is probably the reason."

The next day, the city went about its business as if nothing had happened, but there was no joking. It was two years or more before you dared treat the breaking of the dam lightly. And even now, 20 years after, there are a few persons, like Dr. Mallory, who will shut up like a clam if you mention the Afternoon of the Great Run. □

Pandora's Box in Your Living Room

By PHYLLIS DAVENPORT

WHEN I was a little girl, a lot of people believed the motion picture was the work of the devil, and the gilded door of the movie house was the gate to hell.

Those people now strain only feebly at the gnat of the cinema, for the camel of television is entrenched in our living rooms.

TV is one of the family now, watched many hours a day. My husband and I withstood it as long as we could but when faced with a choice of getting a set or giving our four-year-old to the neighbors, we let television in.

We are not sorry. It has enriched our lives. But in a Christian home, the problem of controlling television's bad influences must be faced as a religious issue.

Anyone who has watched the glowing screen a single evening knows that violence—overt or psychological—rules the schedules. Despite all the talk about planting cultural blooms in the "vast wasteland," Westerns and crime programs still draw large audiences, high ratings, and happy sponsors.

At our house, we parents have kept a heavy hand on the dial from the first. It is customary for even my school-age children to ask if they may turn on the set. Although I am voted "meanest mother in the world" at least every six weeks, I have learned to brave the storm.

There are days when the schedule reveals no suitable programs between school and bedtime, and the frazzled parent finds himself wondering, "Why should my children be the only ones deprived of this stuff? Why not let them get hardened to the killings and sluggings, and hope they outgrow it?"

It was my gentle Wendy who put the issue squarely to me one day. Just five, she was busily rolling some clay. I was dusting books nearby.

"Jesus was a good man," she said softly.

"Yes, dear," I agreed.

"Mommy, did he shoot bad people?"

Boom! There it was—the whole conflict.

"No," I said slowly. "He loved bad people. He forgave them when they did terrible things to him."

Her small brow knit ever so slightly, and suddenly I visualized her TV heroes—all the strong, righteous cowboys whose goodness lay in overcoming evil with force, in shooting the bad men before the bad men shot them. Truly a scale of values as different from Christ's as the image of our Lord buckling on a holster!

If an hour of church school on Sunday is balanced by six hours daily of indiscriminate televiewing, a child may logically conclude that the real formula for life is one part love your enemies, 42 parts beat them senseless.

Do we Christian parents want something more than this for our children? Aren't we training them to be followers of Christ? I want my daughters to nurture, not destroy, their spiritual sensitivity and concern for the sufferings of others.

Not only will filling their lives with synthetic excitement interfere with this but with every "justifiable" killing they witness, the image of righteous violence against enemies burns in a little deeper.

Into almost every children's program, some murdered bodies must fall. Even cartoons are a

Justice for Oneself

"DUFFER'S piece of cake is bigger than mine!" There it was again, that childish passion for justice. Mother and I had been concerned over our four children's habit of comparing shares. Each one was intent on making sure he wasn't gypped. I was convinced that it was time our children should recognize that insistence on exactly equal shares was a habit to be outgrown.

But what could I do? To shave a quarter inch off the largest portion and give it to the squawker, or divide it among the others, would have been silly. Worse, it would have fixed the undesirable principle more firmly in their minds.

On an impulse, I cut my own piece in two and put half on the complainer's plate. Then Duffer made a solemn announcement: "Now Tiggy's got more than the rest of us." Without a word, I placed the remaining half on Duffer's plate.

The effect was exactly what I wanted. They were thinking; the evidence was plain on their faces. There was a moment of silence then: "Now you don't have any cake, Dad." That came from George, the eldest, and it warmed my heart.

"Oh, that doesn't matter," I said. "I really don't care whether I have any." Which was true. What did a piece of cake weigh against the value of this lesson upon which we had stumbled, as if in answer to our continual prayer that we might be good parents?

After this start, it was easy to find occasions for similar actions, but I tried to vary the procedure. If a piece of pie was left, I divided it between two of the children. I sometimes sliced up my own piece to give one or two an extra share. Sometimes the same child was favored on successive days. At first there were howls at the inequalities. I made just enough comments to implant the idea that life is like that: sometimes you get and sometimes you don't—and you may as well be happy about it, for sour looks and bitter complaints don't change the inequalities of life.

After several months of this, I could do almost anything with the extra pieces without a comeback. The last complaint was squelched in the words: "Aw, Dad's experimentin' on us again."

The ultimate test came when we decided to have a whole cake and let each one cut his own portion, to any size and shape. They have forgotten, probably, what fun they had cutting triangles, stars, and other odd figures, but such are the memories a parent cherishes. Grandma was scandalized at the wreck we made of the cake, but it was a joy to see each one keep inside his fair share. They measured up to the test.

One of the most difficult lessons of life is that there are inequalities, injustices, and misunderstandings which we cannot correct, try as we will . . . and we must try. We, as parents, hope that in helping our children to adjust to the relatively minor difficulties of early home life, we help to prepare them for the trials of later years in the world outside. —A. LESLIE POTTER

source of unlimited violence, both of sight and sound.

Before we condemn rashly, we adults should admit we enjoy violence ourselves. Conflict is the heart of drama. Any viewer following his primitive inclinations finds himself choosing the show with the most action and excitement.

We cry "peace, peace," but is that what mankind really wants? Do we really want to fight only with the weapons of unselfish love? Do we really want better TV?

We must take stock of our viewing habits in the light of what we want for our children. As in everything else about child rearing, parental example speaks loudest.

I would like to suggest several ways to make television what it should be for today's family:

1. *Examine weekly program listings together.* Mark good ones, and try to watch some of them. There is never a week without several hours of excellent documentaries, pleasant variety shows, and regular shows that appeal to the whole family.

2. *Help spread the word about good programs.* This applies both to programs seen and those coming up. I think some sponsors are missing a bet not to send out colorful notices for church bulletin boards.

3. *Let the sponsors know how you feel.* Send the sponsor both your good and bad comments. Church groups might establish regular analyses of program content, with rotating committees to observe and evaluate programs, and refer their findings to sponsors.

4. *Find out about local educational television.* Perhaps your area has one of the many noncommercial stations now on the air. If your community is struggling to establish one, offer your support.

When you become aware of the total programming picture, you will be able to use television more wisely and to play a part in controlling its future direction.

Pandora's 21-inch box has been opened in our living rooms, and an assortment of fears and troubles has fluttered out. But inside is still a great hope and challenge to all of us as Christian parents. □

A photographer snapped only one picture during the game (right)—but incredibly, it captures the very action which had caused Coach Harold Hunt (kneeling, far left) to reject a touchdown that would have meant victory for his underdog team.

Football's Finest Moment

By WILLIAM F. McDERMOTT

ONE OF THE finest examples of good sportsmanship in the history of football took place on the night of September 14, 1951, at Methodist-related Southwestern College, Winfield, Kans.

It was the first game of the season, and Southwestern was barely able to put a competent eleven on the field against the highly favored Central Missouri State "Mules" of Warrensburg, Mo. But Coach Harold Hunt's men were determined to make a good showing, even if winning seemed unlikely.

It was a mild, moonlit night, ideal for football, but only three officials, instead of four, were on duty when the whistle blew. It was a fast game from the start, with the hard-fighting rivals repeatedly surging within tantalizing distance of the goal lines.

Those who say small colleges cannot play thrilling football should have been present that night. The zest for victory could have been no less if the Southwestern "Builders" and the Mules had been engaged in a national-championship contest.

When the fourth quarter opened, both teams were scoreless. Would the proud Missouri Mules be held scoreless by a college too small to provide different offensive and defensive elevens? It seemed inconceivable, for the Mules were noted for their fierce determination to win. But Southwestern's Builders, sagging from exhaustion after three quarters of hurricane action, were determined to hold.

Then, like a flash, came a break for Southwestern! Out of the tangle of hurtling bodies and clutching hands, fleet-footed Builder Arthur Johnson emerged with the pigskin under his arm. Gaining incredible speed before the defense could muster its forces, he raced 28 yards to score!

With the scoreboard showing Southwestern 6, Central Missouri 0, officials placed the ball for the point-after-touchdown attempt. Just then, Coach Hunt raced onto the field, hand uplifted. He had seen something none of the three officials had spotted as his own player sped toward the goal line.

"We reject this touchdown!" he called. "Our man stepped out of bounds—the touchdown isn't valid." The crowd groaned—it had no inkling of what had happened—as it saw the ball put back into play.

With only a few minutes left to play, the swirling action was renewed. Southwestern again got the ball. Halfback Jim Hudson broke away and sprinted 59 yards before being brought down. By a series of swift, hard-hitting plays, the Builders worked their way to the goal and put the ball over. But their triumph was brief. The unfaltering Missourians swept across the field and scored in the last 50 seconds. The game ended in a 6-6 tie.

Scarcely had the echo of the closing whistle died away before Coach Tate Page of Missouri sped over to the Methodist side and grasped Hunt by the hand.

"That's the finest act of sportsmanship I've ever seen in my coaching!" he said. Players of both teams swarmed around Hunt in a babel of appreciative comments, and fans joined in an ovation.

The ground swell of acclaim grew rapidly. On radio, Coach Page again praised Hunt's action. Wire services carried the story, commentators and editorial writers heralded the incident, and at a special Southwestern student assembly, Hunt was hailed as a conquering hero. The Associated Press called it the most unusual occurrence of the football season.

Southwestern's president, Dr.

Martin Luther

HYMN OF THE MONTH

A Mighty Fortress Is Our God

THE BATTLE hymn of the Reformation, *A Mighty Fortress Is Our God*, has particular significance in October for, as this month ended 447 years ago, Martin Luther nailed his 95 Theses, protesting the abuses of indulgences, to the door of Castle Church in the German university town of Wittenberg.

As R. G. McCutchan points out in *Our Hymnody*, Luther's doctrines of the priesthood of all believers, salvation by faith, and the right of private judgment called for radical changes in the established form of worship. Protestantism, therefore, grew up emphasizing services in the common language of the people, rather than in the Latin of the Roman Catholic Church.

Besides his teaching, preaching, and constant warfare with the Pope, Luther managed the extraordinary feat of giving his German followers, in their own language, the Bible, a catechism, and hymnbooks.

He is credited with writing 37 hymns, and *A Mighty Fortress*, based on Psalm 46, is one of those for which he also composed the music. There is some disagreement among historians about when it was written. German poet Heinrich Heine offered this version:

"A battle hymn was this defiant song, with which he and his comrades entered Worms [April 16, 1521]. The old cathedral trembled at these new notes, and the ravens were startled in their hidden nests in the towers."

It was there that Luther, refusing to recant, startled more than the birds as he declared:

"Unless I am convinced by the testimony of Scripture or by an evident reason—for I confide neither in the Pope nor in a council alone, since it is certain that they have often erred and contradicted themselves—I am held fast by the Scriptures adduced by me, and my conscience is taken captive by God's Word, and I neither can nor will revoke anything, seeing that it is not safe or right to act against conscience. God help me. Amen."

However, despite the dramatic appeal of the story of Luther and his followers marching into Worms singing *A Mighty Fortress*, it is probable that the hymn was written later—about 1529.

In the centuries since, translations have appeared in more than 50 languages. The one which appears as No. 67 in *The Methodist Hymnal* has gained wide popularity and is by Frederick H. Hedge of the Harvard Divinity School.

Luther's original first line reads, "Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott," and it was first translated into English by Miles Coverdale (1488?-1569) as "Oure God is a defence and towre."

Luther was an accomplished lutist and flutist, and he believed "the devil should not have all the best tunes."

Ein' Feste Burg, as Luther's tune is called, certainly qualifies among the best that the devil missed. After Luther's death it cheered his followers when they were driven into exile. And it was sung a century later by the army of Gustavus Adolphus when it routed the Catholic forces at Leipzig. It was a song of defiance of the persecuted Moravians.

It has, in fact, become the outstanding triumph song of Protestantism. —CAROL D. MULLER

Alvin W. Murray,[1] declared: "If Southwestern doesn't win a single contest this season, it will be the college's greatest football year—it has won the biggest game of all on the field of honor!"

The Southwestern board of trustees praised Hunt's action: "You have won a victory for the college that will be remembered long after the scores of a hundred football games have been forgotten. And you have set an example of honesty and inspiration that will reflect itself not only in the character of the players associated with you but of countless others who will learn of your action."

A national magazine nominated Hunt as "Football's Man of the Year," adding: "Here is the strange story of a 'small-time' coach who did something big for college athletics—by refusing to win a game."

W. P. Astle, referee of the game, wrote to President Murray: "I am by vocation a businessman and by avocation an athletic official. I want to say that Coach Hunt is the biggest man I ever met. In some 25 years of high-school and college officiating, coaching, and playing, never have I met a man as big as Harold Hunt. With college athletics in the unfavorable limelight they are in today, it seems to me that with such men . . . we have nothing to worry about."

Mr. Hunt, who since has left coaching for the business world, had a characteristic reply to such praise: "My father and mother were widely known for their uncompromising integrity," he said, "and I couldn't let them down. They inbred me with the spirit of honesty and good sportsmanship. And Southwestern's reputation was at stake. I couldn't let those hard-fighting, square-shooting Missouri boys go home with the feeling they had been cheated. I did the only thing I could do and continue to live with myself—and with you."

As an alumnus of Southwestern, of course, I was prouder than ever of my alma mater that night. The standards of high sportsmanship exemplified by its football coach on the athletic field truly made that one of football's finest moments. □

[1] *Dr. Murray later returned to the pastorate. Dr. C. Orville Strohl now is president.*—EDS.

West Pakistan's Christian Community
STUNTZABAD

Every new windmill on the skyline means more water will nourish vital crops.

THE LAND is like that wilderness through which the Children of Israel wandered for 40 years—sandy, sun seared, crying out for water. Here, on reclaimed desert near the center of a nation as large as Texas and Oklahoma combined, live many of the Christians of Pakistan. They were led here by their own "Moses"—a Methodist missionary—more than 40 years ago. Thus Pakistani Christians found their Promised Land, and set up villages where British engineers had carved out a network of irrigation ditches fed by the Indus River.

The center of Christian work in the district near Multan is at Stuntzabad, named for the missionary, Clyde B. Stuntz, who was successful in securing tracts of land for the Christian communities. The people of Stuntzabad slept on the sand dunes until they could build mud houses and establish a village numbering some 2,000 today.

The mosque dominates most Pakistani villages, but a cross marks this church built by Stuntzabad Christians. The bell, heard loud and clear in nearby fields, is the gift of U.S. Methodists.

Signs of the times: Eager to replace their earthen vessels with bright pots and pans, Stuntzabad women excitedly bargain with a traveling merchant.

In the Christian village, a noticeable difference...

STUNTZABAD, in marked contrast to many villages in West Pakistan, has wide streets, houses set apart from one another, homes and yards that are comparatively neat and clean. Such a favorable impression comes largely by contrast, however. For, like five other Christian villages in the area, it is a product of its own arid land. It is dusty, without grass, and the houses are of mud brick—for no wood is available.

Life here centers around the church and Methodist institutions sponsored by the World Division of the Board of Missions. Central Methodist High School, administered by former Crusade Scholars, has an enrollment of several hundred Christian students, mostly from nearby farm homes. A health center, started about 20 years ago, treats some 30 to 40 patients a day for tuberculosis, malnutrition, malaria, pneumonia, and dysentery—diseases that still plague the people of Pakistan.

Neither Stuntzabad nor the work of the church would exist were it not for the irri-

Cotton, grown on irrigated tracts, is one of the most important cash crops of Stuntzabad farms.

gation ditches. "And if the canals did not bring water, the land would turn back to dust and sand, and the people would have to leave or starve," says Max Lowdermilk, a Methodist missionary who has specialized in agriculture and extension education to serve the people.

"It is a question of having enough water for crops and enough crops to keep bloated tummies half full," he explains. Annual rainfall is only about seven inches.

Stuntzabad's Christian farmers grow cotton, wheat, and rice in relative abundance, but "the water supply has never been enough, because there is not enough to go around," Mr. Lowdermilk adds. The broad goal of an experimental farm plot is to raise the standard of living here.

A Stuntzabad farmer diverts water from an irrigation ditch which, in this harshly arid land, means the difference between lush green crops and starvation on a desert.

An experimental rice field is inspected by Richard Lockman, a Methodist missionary-engineer from Khanewal. The Pakistani government cooperates in this missions project.

The winds that sweep over Asia continue to play a role as old as man's efforts as a farmer: winnowing the chaff from harvested wheat, one of the main food crops at Stuntzabad.

It's Sunday in Stuntzabad, and morning worship has just ended at the village Methodist church. The people built the church; U.S. Methodists helped with doors, windows, and roof.

Ancient customs still survive...

THE ISLAMIC Republic of Pakistan, born amid religious riots and massacres that followed partition of India in 1947, saw the Christian minority set up hospitals, aid the suffering, and share the burden of rehabilitation. Most Christians were unmolested as millions of Hindus fled to India and millions of Muslim peasants poured from India into Pakistan.

"I have heard of Christianity all of my life," one aged Pakistani told a missionary during the riots. "Now I am seeing it in action."

Muslim Pakistan impresses one as being Western and liberal. Foreign visitors are cordially received, and Methodist missionaries report few difficulties here. [See *Methodist Missions in Muslim Lands,* August, page 42.]

Just the same, many of the ancient customs of the Muslim world, strange to Western eyes, still survive and even are adapted to Christian practice.

One example is the prearranged marriage [see pictures, right] for which a young bridegroom arrives to claim, sight unseen, the bride his parents have chosen.

Village wedding: The groom, gaily bedecked on horseback, is preceded by a hired band.

Reminiscent of old-time Methodism, men at worship in Stuntzabad are seated separately from the women, and depart by another door [see left].

The wedding is near—but before the groom can claim his bride, custom demands that he bribe her sisters with money!

e bride, snug in her sheet, 'll dress after she is carried her room by an uncle.

'Please tell us more about your God...'

"YOU must not forget," said a Muslim minister of education when he was congratulated for progressive new steps in his department, "I spent four years in a Christian high school."

Bishop James K. Mathews tells the story of Christian boys from a Methodist school who went to a nearby village to put into practice what they had learned. When the people asked them what they were doing, they replied:

"We have come to help you clean up some of these dirty drains. Flies and mosquitoes breed in these drains, and then you get typhoid or malaria and die."

"Is the government sending you? Are they paying you for this?"

"No one sent us. We came because we are Christians. Our God teaches us to care about what happens to people everywhere."

"This is very strange," the villagers said. "Tell us more about your God...and please come again."

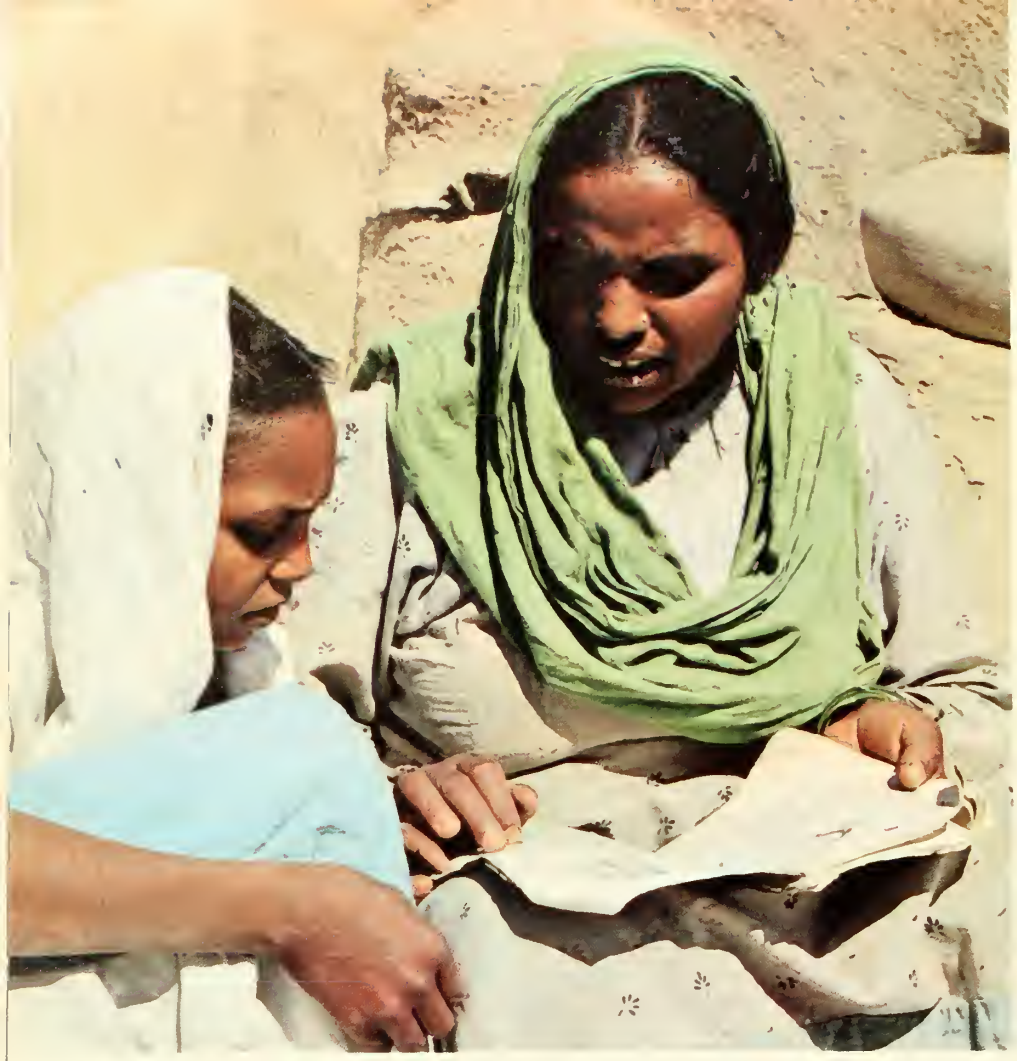
Stuntzabad girls, visiting ruins of ancient Harrappa, 50 miles from their home, find that cooking utensils 5,000 years old are little different from those still being used in their own homes.

Back in Stuntzabad after training at United Christian Hospital, Lahore, a young health-center technician dispenses medicine to a Pakistani father.

As in schools everywhere, there is a time to study and a time to recite before others what you have learned. Here, the girls who are standing are taking part in a school assembly program at one of the Christian schools near Stuntzabad.

Girls in the primary grades practice writing on slates. Urdu is Pakistan's national language, but English and Bengali also are official tongues.

In all Pakistan, only two out of ten girls are in school. But education for girls, as future Christian mothers, is stressed in Stuntzabad.



Of the 4 ministries, which comes first?

METHODISM's ministry in Stuntzabad is to proclaim the Gospel—plus helping education, health, and agriculture. Central High School is described as "the outstanding village school in the whole conference," but it will be many years before illiteracy is erased. More adult education must be promoted; and if Christian young people are to make effective witness before the Muslims, greater numbers must obtain first-class high-school educations. Many more girls and women must be trained for the Christian home. And lurking always in the missionary's mind is the question: "Will any people anywhere listen to the message of peace and salvation when they have never been confronted with anything except worry, hunger, and sickness?" □

A schoolgirl, awakened to Christian responsibility, helps her mother learn to read.

Seated on a charpoy*—a sort of bed and sofa—missionary Max Lowdermilk (in beret) and a district superintendent discuss a proposed farm cooperative with Stuntzabad villagers.*

NEW DIRECTIONS NUMBER 1

THE LOCAL CHURCH

By *EWART G. WATTS*, Minister, First Methodist Church, Topeka, Kans.

The Methodist Church has been described as a "sleeping giant"—slow to be awakened but, once in motion, virtually invincible. Today, as always, there are new tides, new trends, new experiments stirring in church life and thought at all levels. What are they? How are they contributing to a revitalized church? What do they mean for laymen and women? This new series will spotlight some of the more recent and significant New Directions—beginning, appropriately, with the basic unit of organized Christianity.

MANY WHO attended the General Conference of The Methodist Church in Pittsburgh last spring visited the old Fort Pitt Blockhouse, partially preserved from pre-Revolutionary days. The little log structure also served as a meetinghouse for the first Methodist church in Pittsburgh, established by circuit riders Wilson Lee and John Wrenshall. What a contrast between that primitive meetinghouse and the new churches springing up in Pittsburgh's suburbs!

Many who visit the city of Rome go to the tiny chapel in the catacombs underneath the Franciscan church of St. Sebastian, just off the Appian Way. Surrounded by the arched tombs of the martyrs, approached only by dimly lighted passageways, it is a testimony to the importance those first Christians placed upon gathering together to hear the Word of God preached and to have the Sacraments duly administered—risking the same fate as the martyrs whose tombs they passed on the way. What a far cry from this obscure chapel to the immensity of St. Peter's Basilica, so large that the canopy of its central altar is taller than most church spires!

These contrasts emphasize how history has changed the forms and structures of the local church.

Beginning with the Upper Room Church in Jerusalem and the "house church" in Corinth, Ephesus, and other cities mentioned by Paul, local churches have assumed such contrasting forms as the massive Gothic cathedrals of Europe, the New England meetinghouses, the open-country church and social center of rural America in the 19th century, and the seven-day-a-week institutional church of our modern cities. And yet, in all of these, Christians have gathered not because of the location or the type of meeting place, but because God has spoken to them through Jesus Christ and has called them to gather in his name for worship. The gathering of the congregation has been a meaningful part of the Christian life.

Today, some very serious questions are being raised about the need for continuing the organization we call the local church. These questions are not from unbelievers and agnostics; they are from dedicated and committed Christians. For instance, Methodist missionary leaders representing 48 countries met in a study conference just before this year's General Conference and issued a statement which said:

"God's new world renders much of our traditional congregational life virtually futile and archaic. Medieval theocratic societies placed the church at the

center of life, and the church was very much at the heartbeat of society. This is not so today. To vast segments of humanity, the church, as it existed years ago and continued on to this day, often with much the same forms, activities, and programs of the past, is forlornly inadequate in the history God is forging around us. Structures of sin in most any community on the globe blossom around the church, yet much congregational activity ignores their presence and debates the little tasks of routine church life."

A similar criticism is voiced in a recent study paper issued by a department of the World Council of Churches. It declares: "We have entrenched a system that gives primacy to the ordained ministry instead of the *laos* [laity]; looks towards the Sunday congregation instead of out into the secular groupings. . ."

Gordon Cosby, founder of the unique Church of the Savior congregation in Washington, D.C., said in a recent sermon: "I am convinced that the institutional structures that we know are not renewable. . . The structures in which the church is contained are irrelevant and simply do not allow the church to be on mission. They hinder the proclamation of the Gospel rather than further it."

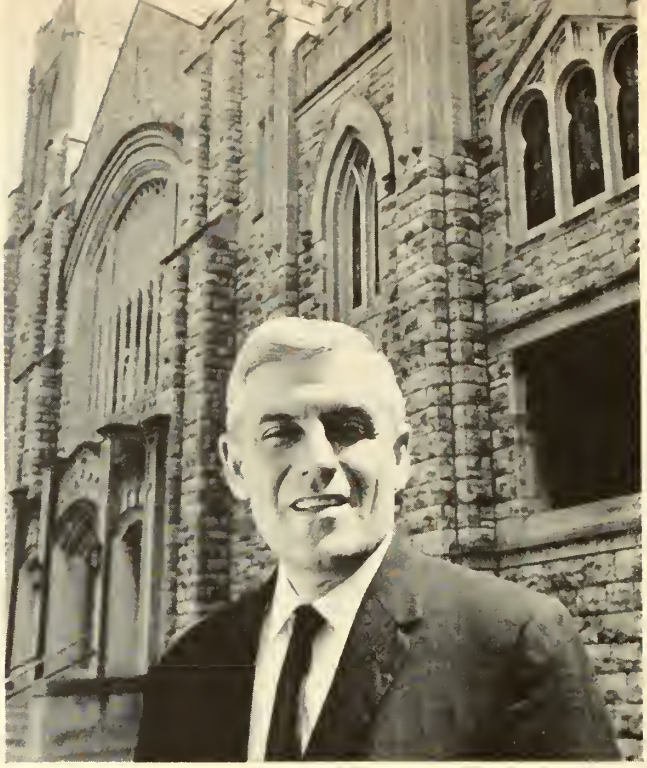
In the same vein, Colin W. Williams, the Australian Methodist minister who directs the Central Department of Evangelism of the National Council of Churches, contends that the local church can no longer meet the needs of today's world as it now exists. In his book, *Where in the World*,[1] he insists that instead of thinking of the church being in a particular place, we must think of it as being the people of God in their daily work or wherever they may be.

On the other hand, there are ministers like Robert A. Raines, pastor of the Germantown (Pa.) Methodist Church, who insist that the local church can and must be retained, but that it must be drastically changed. His book, *New Life in the Church*,[2] has done much to stimulate within local churches the organization of small Bible-study and discussion groups—modern "class meetings." He and others contend that in such groups people come to know one another and to know God at a deeper level than they do just sitting side by side listening to a preacher.

Another surprising defender of the local church is sociologist Peter L. Berger, whose book *The Noise of Solemn Assemblies*[3] is a caustic criticism of organized religion. However, he defends the importance of the local church by writing, "If there is to be a continuing embodiment of the Christian message in word and gesture, there must be places for it to be done. . . If the strange tale of God's love in Christ is not to be forgotten, there must be places where it can be told again."

And so the debate continues. Scores of books and hundreds of articles have been written either denouncing or defending the local church. The thesis of this article is simply this: We need to retain the local church, but it must be willing to make whatever changes are necessary to meet the present situation.

A recent cartoon shows two hippopotamuses in conversation. One is much larger than the other, and with a self-satisfied smile he is saying, "Oh, I don't know. I feel good the size I am." Here is the perfect picture of too many local churches—they feel good just the way they are, insisting that the 19th-century structure of church life was ordained by God for the 20th century. Richard Niebuhr once said, "When we do today what we did yesterday, we actually do something different."



Kansas TV viewers see Ewart Watts on a Topeka Council of Churches panel program, radio listeners in four states hear his sermons. As chairman of the South Central Jurisdiction Board of Education, he is always seeking new ways of spreading the Word.

Our Methodist heritage should guard us against this danger. John Wesley was the great church innovator of the 18th century. He shocked the Established Church by his field preaching, his use of lay preachers, his Sunday schools for poor children, his meeting-houses, his loan agencies to help converted tradesmen make a fresh start, and many other new approaches.

Here in America, Bishop Francis Asbury and the circuit riders he led also were daring innovators. Very early after his arrival in Philadelphia, Asbury secured a horse, left the easy prospect of regular preaching in St. George's Church, and set out to preach to the settlers in their pioneer settlements. By his example, he inspired and enlisted hundreds of other young preachers who established Methodist circuits and preaching points throughout the colonies. Later, they followed the pioneers west. Ingenious and versatile, quick to make adaptations and changes to fit the circumstances, they always insisted upon organizing a local congregation as soon as possible. There was no thought of abandoning the basic New Testament structure of the gathered congregation, but there was a creative, spirit-filled effort to change and adapt the structure to meet the needs of the people.

A similar effort is being made in the church today.

There are increasing signs of new life and new directions in the local churches of the United States. This activity toward reform and reshaping has been aroused by the aforementioned criticisms of the local church, by the uncertainties and serious questions in the minds of many church members, and by the belated realization that America is becoming more and more urban in its outlook—that the prevailing pattern of the village church is no longer appealing or pertinent. In 1790 only 5 percent of our nation was centered in the urban areas. Today, over 65 percent live in urban centers. Our country has 168 metropolitan areas with populations of 500,000 or more persons, and one fourth of our populace is concentrated in these centers.

In these sprawling urban complexes are found most of the 72 million people who are unrelated to any church. Yet there are fewer churches in some cities than there were 40 years ago. Between 1925 and 1950, for instance, 25 of the 100 Methodist churches in Philadelphia were closed. Two things have caused this: (1) a trend toward consolidation, in the belief that larger churches could provide more specialized ministries through a multiple staff of professional workers and more adequate buildings for a varied program, and (2) a move to the suburbs to stay with the members of the congregation who were moving their homes.

The trend toward consolidation, larger churches, and multiple ministries seems to be a sound one and is bearing real fruit. However, the assumption that most of the people were leaving the inner city and moving to the suburbs has been false. Repeated surveys reveal that there are just as many people as ever living in the heart of our cities, and that if the church is going to reach them, it must stay with them and struggle with their problems.

This has been graphically demonstrated by the East Harlem Protestant Parish in New York City, where an initial effort by two Union Seminary students has now grown to the place where its store-front churches, its tenement house Bible-study groups, its summer camps for children of the tenements, its canteens for teen-agers, its employment service, and its large staff of full-time and part-time ministers are reaching and transforming the lives of thousands of persons.

In Philadelphia, the trend toward the suburbs is being reversed by the Methodist Mid-Town Parish, which is working in five buildings in three locations. Under the direction of the Rev. Francis Kensill, three other ministers and a total of 45 persons are giving full time or part time to a multiracial and bilingual program. A special church-school program has been developed with an average weekly attendance of 700, on an enrollment of 921. What established church can equal that percentage? Some of the suburbanites who moved their churches away from the inner city are now coming back to provide leadership in this Mid-Town Parish.

The Methodist Church hopes to encourage more of this kind of lay involvement in the inner-city church through the "N-1" phase of the quadrennial program adopted by the recent General Conference. The basic idea is that laymen—as individuals or families—in well-established churches will volunteer for one year of membership and service in an inner-city situation or in helping to establish a new congregation in some other vital area.

One of the first churches to launch such a program was the Asbury Methodist Church in Prairie Village, a suburb of Kansas City [see *Missionaries to the Inner City*, July, 1963, page 50]. Urged by their pastor, the Rev. Alfred D. Hager, four families volunteered to give a year as participating members in the Independence Avenue and Troost Avenue Churches near the heart of Kansas City. They did not try to take over leadership, but they did bring their strong financial support, their regular participation in the worship services, and their talents as choir members, church-school teachers, youth counselors, and Woman's Society workers.

Much of the vital missionary concern of a church like Asbury Church in Prairie Village has come through the establishment of numerous small *koinonia* Bible-study groups such as those Mr. Raines describes in his *New Life in the Church*. Most of these groups were launched by the pastor, but with the stipulation that he would stay with them only for a given time, then they would be on their own. As these groups have made a serious effort to study the Bible and to come to a real understanding of the beginnings of the Christian church, blasé, sophisticated suburbanites often have been transformed into concerned, dedicated Christian witnesses.

ANOTHER way that local churches are increasing their outreach is through "outpost Sunday schools." In most cases, these are Sunday-afternoon programs with older youth and adults from an established church going into an unchurched area to conduct classes for neighborhood children. One of the unique schools of this type is conducted by the members of First Methodist Church, Junction City, Kans., where the Rev. Donald W. Cook is the pastor. At nearby Fort Riley are stationed many regular army men who are involved in interracial marriages. These men and their families live in a special housing area not served by any church. So, the members of First Church started a Sunday-afternoon church school for their children in a coin-operated laundry which was used by most of the families. This project has developed to the point that the Topeka District Board of Missions and Church Extension, along with the National Division of the Methodist Board of Missions, are going to help Junction City Methodists establish a new church in the area. The associate pastor of First Church will serve as its first pastor.

Numerous inner-city churches are being challenged to consider new approaches in reaching thousands of people moving into new housing projects or high-rise apartments. One of these is Centenary Methodist Church in St. Louis [see *Urban Renewal Brings New Opportunity to St. Louis' Centenary*, November, 1961, page 28]. The city's urban renewal program has located six 13-story high-rise apartment buildings near this church, which had dropped from a peak mem-

bership of 3,601 in 1930 to a low of 854 in 1957. But, now, with dedicated teams of lay visitors calling on the apartment dwellers, the membership and the spirit of the church are beginning to climb.

Another related challenge is the older youth-young adult population of our cities. During this decade, every state in the United States can expect at least a 50 percent increase in the number of older youths and young adults; and most of them will be living in the cities. Extensive surveys made by a special team from the Board of Education and the Board of Evangelism of The Methodist Church have revealed that the churches are reaching only a minor fraction of those in this group. There is also an indication that most of them are allergic to church buildings and to the ordinary minister.

As a result, bold new approaches are being tried, in an effort to interpenetrate the apartment-house young-adult culture. In Dallas and San Francisco, for example, young ministers are being assigned to live and work in some of these young-adult apartment houses. The initial effort has not been to relate the young adults to some local church, but to establish relationships and set up "apartment churches" where small groups can seek together to find a meaning and purpose for living. Some of the lessons learned from these experiments and some of the guidelines for local churches can be found in *The Transition Years*, the report of a workshop held in December, 1963, in Kansas City, sponsored by the Board of Education of the South Central Jurisdiction and the Methodist Board of Education. It is obvious that if the church is to survive, it must find ways to reach and to serve this group.

Another important ministry of the local church is to the teen-ager. A good many city churches have realized this, and are making large investments in facilities and staff for youth activities. Teen night-clubs on weekends provide a wholesome place for the release of energy and for meeting friends. Bible-study and discussion groups provide an opportunity for Christian growth. Service projects and weekend work camps provide for expression of Christian compassion and concern. The results have been heartening. For instance, as a result of such a program in First Methodist Church, South Bend, Ind., the chief of police told the pastor, the Rev. Kenneth R. Hemphill, that the juvenile delinquency rate in that section of the city had dropped 50 percent.

Summer months offer a special opportunity to city churches for expanding their ministry to teen-age youth. With no school and with few jobs, teen-agers are eager for well-planned and purposeful summer programs. Some churches, instead of slowing down in the summer, speed up their youth programs. They add extra staff members and enlist extra volunteer counselors. They provide special youth activities weeks, camping trips, tours of church institutions, service projects, and even overseas work camps.

To add depth and understanding to the lay ministry of the church, some churches are arranging for theologians from nearby seminaries to meet with members for lectures and seminars. In the Kansas City area, special "lay academies" sponsored by the Council of Churches are staffed by professors from Saint Paul School of Theology-Methodist. Night sessions are open for all interested laymen. Boston Avenue Methodist Church in Tulsa, Okla., brings in an outstanding theological professor every year for a week of lectures and discussions. In many other churches, the minister meets regularly with one or two small groups of concerned persons who join with him in studying such books as *The Company of the Committed*[4] by Elton Trueblood, or *Tests of a Living Church*[5] by Robert Spike, or *Our Mission Today*[6] by Tracey K. Jones, Jr. One church has commission chairmen and key church officials read such a book and then takes them and their wives to a nearby college campus for a weekend of discussion.

The examples only scratch the surface of the new ministries and new ways of witnessing and serving being tried today by local churches. There can be no question that the traditional local church of the early 20th-century pattern is on trial for its life. It is also clear that the activist, program-centered church of mid-20th century is being severely challenged. But it must be said that many such churches are meeting this challenge and are proving that there is a continuing and urgent need for the local church and the concerned congregation.

The local church, like its Master, has only one purpose: to serve and to save those whom God loves, to bring persons of all ages to see and to accept the gift of abundant life which God offers through commitment to Jesus Christ. Whenever a church building, a church organization, or a church meeting is not contributing to this purpose, it must either be changed or abandoned. As a church, we bear the name of one who said:

"I am among you as one who serves. . . I am come to seek and to save those who are lost." Here, then, is the final standard for judging any function of the church. The one we call "Lord" simply will not let us go a selfish, self-centered, indulgent way.

In one of his campaigns, Alexander the Great almost lost a battle because a young soldier fell asleep at his post. He was arrested and brought before the general. Alexander said to him, "What is your name, boy?" The young man replied in a very low voice, "Alexander, sir." "Speak up, boy," the general exclaimed, "what is your name?" In a little louder voice, the soldier answered, "Alexander, sir." There was a long pause; and finally the general said, "Very well, because of your name, I pardon you this time; but you must either change your name or change your ways."

There must be many times when Christ is saying to some church which has been asleep at its post, "Very well, I pardon you this time, but you must either change your name or change your ways." □

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[1] Where in the World (*National Council of Churches, 75¢*).—Eds.
[2] New Life in the Church (*Harper & Row, $3*).—Eds.
[3] The Noise of Solemn Assemblies (*Doubleday, $1.75*).—Eds.
[4] The Company of the Committed (*Harpers, $2.50*).—Eds.
[5] Tests of a Living Church (*Association Press, 50¢*).—Eds.
[6] Our Mission Today (*World Outlook Press, $1*).—Eds.

WHAT'S YOUR M.Q.?

MEETINGS

1. Do you attend at least 75 percent of them?
☐ YES ☐ NO

2. Are you nearly always on time?
☐ YES ☐ NO

3. Do you contribute your share to discussions?
☐ YES ☐ NO

4. Do you avoid talking too much?
☐ YES ☐ NO

5. Is your mind ever changed by discussion?
☐ YES ☐ NO

6. Do you understand parliamentary procedure?
☐ YES ☐ NO

RESPONSIBILITY

7. Do you accept duties and responsibilities?
☐ YES ☐ NO

8. Do you pay dues and assessments promptly?
☐ YES ☐ NO

9. When outvoted, do you support the majority?
☐ YES ☐ NO

10. Are you a willing worker?
☐ YES ☐ NO

11. Do you refrain from criticizing the organization to nonmembers?
☐ YES ☐ NO

PURPOSES

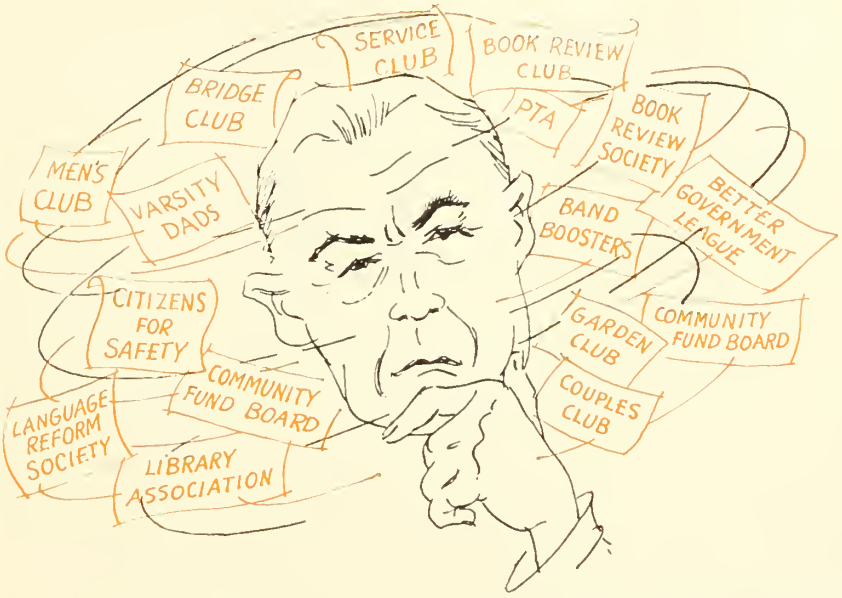
12. Can you state clearly each organization's purpose?
☐ YES ☐ NO

13. Do you study and discuss group problems between meetings?
☐ YES ☐ NO

14. Do you try to interest nonmembers in the organization?
☐ YES ☐ NO

15. Are you a member because of what you can do for the group, rather than for what it can do for you?
☐ YES ☐ NO

A score of 135-150 points indicates an exceptional member. A score of 110-135 marks a worthy member, and 80-110 an average member. A score of less than 80 shows that you are a free rider and should get out.



By CHARLES MASTERN and HAL BARGELT

"IN THE old days," said the speaker, "every American boy was told that he might grow up to be President of the U.S. With so many clubs, lodges, and other organizations around, I don't see how the boy of today can avoid it."

An exaggeration, perhaps, but that joke puts a finger on one of the nagging problems confronting Americans today: at what point does club membership begin paying diminishing returns, both to the club and the member?

Americans are soft touches for worthy causes. The result is that many of us find ourselves involved in so many group efforts that we have no time left for ourselves, our families, or even the causes which we set out to advance. In The Methodist Church alone, one can belong to a dozen organizations or groups.

All are worthy organizations, of course, but one person can serve only so many worthy causes at a time. If you have been feeling lately that you are a slave of time, it is easy to tell if you are suffering from an overdose of organization. The best way to start is by asking yourself why you join clubs at all.

The human being is a gregarious animal. Club activity provides opportunity to move with the herd and a welcome break from work routine. Group activity permits us to express ourselves and perform services for our fellowman. Moreover, we usually can put our beliefs and convictions into action more effectively as groups than as individuals.

Each organization should be a little segment of democracy in action, with the thrill of exchanging ideas, making decisions, and acting in unison. Belonging and taking an active part can enrich our lives by helping us to make new friends and broaden our interests.

If your membership is failing to fulfill some of these purposes, you should be asking yourself:

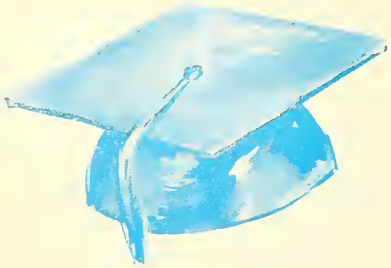
Would you rejoin all the organizations to which you now belong?

Are you in accord with their goals?

Do they need you, and do you need them?

If you come up with any "no" answers, you are overclubbed. You should cut out some activities and devote your time and energies to those which best benefit others and which will reward you in return.

At left is a Membership Quotient Quiz. Answer each question with a *yes* or *no*, or a ?. Score 10 points for each *yes* and 5 for each question mark. Forget the *noes*. ☐



Tides of world politics, advances of science, and automation's rise cause many to see the college degree as a prerequisite for the future. How important are the mortarboard and sheepskin? *Together* asked two thoughtful educators to answer:

Is College Always Best?

YES *It fulfills the promise of democracy*

Says **Andrew Hacker**

Now an associate professor of government at Cornell University, Dr. Hacker is the author of three books and many shorter articles.

THE ROLE played by American colleges is both important and unique, for no other country comes near sending as great a proportion of its youngsters on for higher education.

The decision that a broad spectrum of the population can and should attend college, however, is fairly recent. At the turn of the century, less than 5 percent of the young people of college age were attending such institutions. Today the figure is approaching 40 percent. A recent survey shows that approximately 7 out of 10 American parents want their children to attend college. While not all will see this ambition realized, it is not unrealistic to predict that well over half of those of college age will be enrolled by 1975.

This is all to the good. Not only will this expansion of higher education increase the quality of American life but it is also persuasive evidence that American democracy is fulfilling its promise to permit individuals to develop their potentialities. The opening of college doors shows that we are giving more and more Americans the opportunity to discover the extent of their talents and aptitudes.

I teach at a prestige institution —one that turns away far more applicants than it can possibly admit. And the courses I conduct cover such rarified subjects as political philosophy and sociological theory. Yet, despite my continued exposure to Ivy League undergraduates and my own preoccupation with philosophical and theoretical questions, I do not consider Cornell University students inherently superior, and I do not regard a liberal-arts curriculum as the restricted stamping ground of an exclusive minority. On the contrary, I have met undergraduates at a wide variety of colleges, and their similarities impress me far more than do their differences.

If there is an elite in American society (and I am not at all sure that there is), I am persuaded that we have no way of distinguishing its members at the ages of 16 or 17. Rank injustice can be done in telling a youngster that he is not college material. I have seen boys and girls who were all but flunking out in their freshman year (largely because they chose the wrong college) who went on to impressive careers in graduate and professional schools.

Indeed most of those who leave college before graduation do so for nonacademic reasons: financial pressures, marriage, business opportunities, and related causes.

The chief justification for attending college is that it opens and broadens the mind. At its best, a college education confronts students with new ideas, imparting to them a new image of the world in which they live. It may well be that the ideas and values of one's early upbringing are fundamentally sound. They usually are. However, the liberating atmosphere of a college campus provides a good testing place for these values. The student is compelled to define his own standards of right and wrong, and —more important—to defend them before his professors and his fellow undergraduates.

I have seen few students brainwashed by what many like to think

of as "atheistic" or "socialistic" professors. But I have seen hundreds open their eyes to the facts of a changing world and, in so doing, apply their values to the challenges of the century in which they live their adult lives.

We must remember, too, that success and achievement are integral parts of our society. Life need not be the proverbial rat race, but an ascending career plays a vital role in American reality as well as in the American dream. For better or for worse, the rewarding positions in business and the professions now require a college background.

"We always pick our junior management from the colleges," one corporation official remarked. "I know it's unfair to a lot of good men who never get considered, but it's worked out to be good economies for us."

Moreover, it is not so much the specific vocational training one receives in college that is important. Rather it is the sophistication and flexibility of mind. One recent study showed that well over half of the college-trained executives interviewed were "engaged in duties not related to their formal training." Graduates of engineering schools shift to general management; lawyers become vice-presidents in charge of finance.

No one can minimize the importance of career success in this country. We are not a nation of immobile peasants or contented craftsmen who pass their fixed status to their children generation after generation. A college education is the single most important rung on the ladder of social mobility, and anyone who misses it probably will find that he is not going to move much further.

The significant argument, however, has nothing to do with money —as a college teacher I would be among the last to exalt material rewards—but with devoting oneself to work that is both interesting and morally rewarding.

Women's education is a good example here. A girl who wishes not only to serve the community in a serious way but to gain the satisfactions that come with such service is best advised to attend college.

(I should quickly add my bias here! My wife works full time as a librarian. And our daughter has attended an all-day nursery school which is staffed by college-trained teachers, some of whom are mothers themselves. Each does the job for which she is prepared and in which she is interested; and everyone, the community included, is the gainer.)

There are almost 2,000 four-year colleges in the United States, ranging from Harvard University and Massachusetts Institute of Technology on the one hand to those I have heard called "Iowa Sub-Normal" and "St. Bridget-by-the-Swamp" on the other. I am thoroughly convinced that anyone who can graduate from high school also can graduate from college four years later. Those who flunk out do so not for lack of brains but because they fool around, waste time, and give undue emphasis to socializing.

I do believe that schools like Harvard and M.I.T. should keep their standards high. This is not because they are engaged in creating an elite, it is rather because they have an obligation to push forward the frontiers of research and human knowledge. I also believe that hundreds of other four-year colleges should be expanded to provide places for the millions of young Americans who want to learn more about the world and make more of themselves.

I would point to one additional consequence of an educated population. We live in a world filled with tensions, both domestic and international. Never before has there been so great a need for understanding those who differ from ourselves.

Study after study has shown that, in areas such as civil liberties and civil rights, people who have gone to college are far more tolerant than those who ended their education earlier. There are fewer stereotypes, less bigotry, and more willingness to appreciate the complexities of intergroup relations among men and women who have turned their eyes to a window on the world.

And that, after all, is what a college education is.

NO *For some, alternatives are better*

Declares Melvin G. Williams

NOT LONG AGO an intelligent but bewildered sophomore walked into my office and asked: "Why has it had to take me almost two years to learn that college isn't for me?"

His plight is not an uncommon one. Like so many other young people, he had responded to the constant pressures which had been telling him that college is a must today. From parents, teachers, and religious leaders, from statesmen, editors, and scientists, he had been bombarded with the single dominating fallacy: you've got to get into a college. And now, two years after he had enrolled, he was belatedly recognizing that college had been for him more than simply a difficult adjustment. It had been the wrong choice.

The fact is that there are students —many of them talented—who ought never to have entered college at all. Who are these people, the

An assistant professor of English at American International College, Springfield, Mass., Mr. Williams is the son of a Kentucky minister, an evangelist.

group of more than a third of all college freshmen who fail to graduate?

Some simply lack the intelligence to do college work. Their problem is not education but educability. Many more, nurtured on the ethics of the marketplace, come to college confidently expecting the passkey to commercial success. Somehow they have missed the statistics which show that many college graduates earn considerably less than the skilled craftsmen who built their dormitories.

Hundreds enter either to avoid the draft (students may be deferred as long as they do satisfactory work in college), or because there are no profitable jobs for which they can qualify at home. While both of these are practical motives, neither indicates any strong drive in the direction of learning.

Countless others arrive at college in search of social pleasure and prestige—this often includes the finding of a marriage partner—which they are so convinced will be their sure reward. Regrettably, in many cases it will be their only reward.

NEARLY all these students can be seen to suffer from a single delusion. They believe they *have* to attend college. Many of them have not been shown that there is more than one possible step after high school.

While it is true that most guidance counselors have jumped on the college bandwagon, the blame does not rest entirely with the high schools.

Attendance at college is a mark of success and prestige not only for students but also for their parents. What parent wants his son or daughter to grow up without the educational and cultural advantages which a college is supposed to provide?

It makes little difference whether the family is rich or poor. In fact, it is a most natural feeling for parents to want to provide their children with the things they lacked themselves. In the success of a child can seem to lie the parents' own unfilled dreams. But is this always fair or even sensible? Often the child of such a home is shunted off to college without ever having been given time to think or plan.

There are other factors, too. How often, for example, do we read statistics which seem to point out how poorly we measure up academically to the Russians? They produce more technicians and better engineers; they seem to learn everything sooner, better, faster—or so, too often, we are led to believe.

And what is our response? Why, like the parents whose child has been criticized by a jealous neighbor, we drag out the juvenile cliché: "Whatever they can do, we can do better." We are already in an arms race and a space race; why not add to this an education race? To my troubled sophomore, however, this all had developed into just "a rat race."

What are we to do then—discourage high-school students from going on to further education? Surely not. Our political and economic structure both demands and relies on a well-educated nation. We need to remember a college education is a privilege earned by ability. While it is certain that every citizen ought to be allowed and encouraged to achieve his potential, it is equally obvious that this potential varies. Difficult as it may be, let us admit that people do have limitations.

Forcing high-school graduates on to college indiscriminately is like taking horses to water and then emptying the trough over their heads. Many of them will drink very little and some cannot drink at all. The results, clearly, can be harsh. Dropouts reject themselves, feel worthless and humiliated. And their failure is a stigma they could have been spared.

Alternatives do exist. Business and trade schools offer the kind of training best suited to some needs; adult-education courses may present the challenge which others seek; on-the-job training is available for still others. The best plan for a large number might be some sort of work experience or even a tour of military duty. College might come later, when they are better prepared to meet its demands and learn its fascinations.

There remains one further choice: the two-year junior, or community, college. Often misunderstood, and far from being just "half colleges" filled with not-very-bright rejects, as some persons persist in believing, such schools are fast becoming important institutions.

Most important, perhaps, is that community colleges are versatile in their programs and services. Knowing that they will deal with a wide range of aptitudes, abilities, and interests, two-year schools have tailored their offerings to meet as many different needs as possible. In addition to general education, they offer two-year job programs that will provide students with salable skills.

IF COLLEGE is not inevitably the right place for everyone, is some other type of advanced education always necessary if the high-school graduate is to survive in a technological age? Not necessarily. Almost every community still has small stores and businesses where an industrious person can work his way up to a responsible position. And there will always be other jobs from farm to factory and from music to motherhood for the person who confesses to no academic interests. There are no ivy-covered walls to attract one to such a vocation, but its rewards still can be a comfortable and satisfying life.

Meanwhile, as the present trend rushes on unchecked—as, to be sure, it will—our four-year colleges are going to grow more and more crowded; their admissions officers will become steadily more selective.

Greater than ever before, then, will be the importance to the high-school student of knowing *why* he is planning to go to college.

It will be his responsibility—and ours, as parents and teachers—to take the "of course" out of college preparation. Let him recognize that the college's basic concern is with the intellectual life, and that he must be both able and willing to combine his vocational values with hardworking scholarship.

Seneca noted many centuries ago that "you should keep on learning as long as you are ignorant." Nearly 4 million Americans will be doing that learning in a college or university this fall. Yet the others ought not to be panic-stricken as they contemplate the squeeze of "the closing college door." In fact, many already inside would have been wiser to have let it shut. □

Looks at NEW Books

WITH the third session of Vatican Council II beginning in Rome, it is an appropriate time to read a perceptive Protestant observer's report of the council's second session a year ago.

Stanford University theology professor **Robert McAfee Brown** was an official observer at the session for the World Alliance of Reformed and Presbyterian Churches, and each night before he went to bed he put down his impressions of the day. Because he is that rarity, a theologian who can write so people can understand him, this diary, published as ***Observer in Rome*** (Doubleday, $4.95), is both theologically acute and as personal as a letter home.

In terms of the total agenda, the business finished at the second session was "not very much," Dr. Brown says.

The council's most substantial achievement was the reform of the liturgy to ensure that worship is more fully an act of the people, not simply a spectacle performed for them by the priest.

The council fathers were serious about ecumenicity, and they wanted to hear what the non-Roman Catholic observers thought. But to a number of the bishops, ecumenicity still means making the church more attractive so non-Catholics can "return" to it with a minimum of pain. It will take a while for certain Catholic minds to understand that ecumenical activity must involve a willingness for both partners to walk along a new path together, Dr. Brown predicts.

A help to ecumenicity, he believes, was a council decision that sees Mary within the context of the church. Even more important was the "five questions" vote that committed the church to a doctrine of collegiality, meaning that authority in the church was given not only to Peter and his successors, the popes of Rome, but to all apostles and their successors, the other bishops. This does not resolve Protestant difficulties concerning papal infallibility, Dr. Brown says, but it does put them in a very different context, and it clearly dispels some of the stereotypes most Protestants (and many Roman Catholics) have had about papal monarchialism and "one man rule."

The majority of the fathers were clearly in favor of a strong statement supporting religious liberty for all men. However, a minority kept them from adopting such a statement. In fact, the way the minorities frustrated the will of majorities was a major disappointment.

Distinguished from Vatican II participants by his suit, Robert McAfee Brown looks his part as author of Observer in Rome. *Here he leaves a session with Dr. William J. Wolf.*

"Before the second session of the council, I thought it could go only one way—forward," Dr. Brown writes. "Now I realize that it could go another way—backward. I believe it will move forward, but I do not believe it will do so automatically."

He says that while we non-Catholics cannot help the council directly in its work of reform, we can at least continue to indicate the directions in which we hope reform will go; and we can, even more significantly, sustain and reinforce it with our prayers.

For more background on the Vatican Council II, you may want to reread TOGETHER articles by two other Protestant observers, Bishop Fred P. Corson [*The Pope Extends His Hand*, January, 1963, page 43] and C. Stanley Lowell [*The Vatican Council Gets Down to Issues*, January, 1964, page 27]. And for a forecast of what may take place during the third session, see *Vatican II: The Tide Is at the Flood* by Robert S. Cushman in the September, 1964 issue [page 45].

The theme of space travel that gives the title and idiom to ***Countdown*** (Macmillan, $2.75) may be as repulsive to some as it is appealing to others, writes **David E. Head**. But he chose it for his consideration of prayer in the space age to remind us that we *are* praying in a modern age and there is no need to apologize to God for that.

"It is a pity if we turn from prayer as unreal and unrewarding, when the simple truth is that we have never bothered to get ready. The prolonged and painstaking preparations which have to be made before a rocket is ready for a successful launching are a useful picture of the preparation needed," he says.

I know of no other author with whom this comparison might not seem to be straining for effect. But David Head can invoke the angels one moment, the spaceman the next; he can write of worship, either personal or corporate, in terms that make your soul take off on its own wings, and then turn around and remind you of

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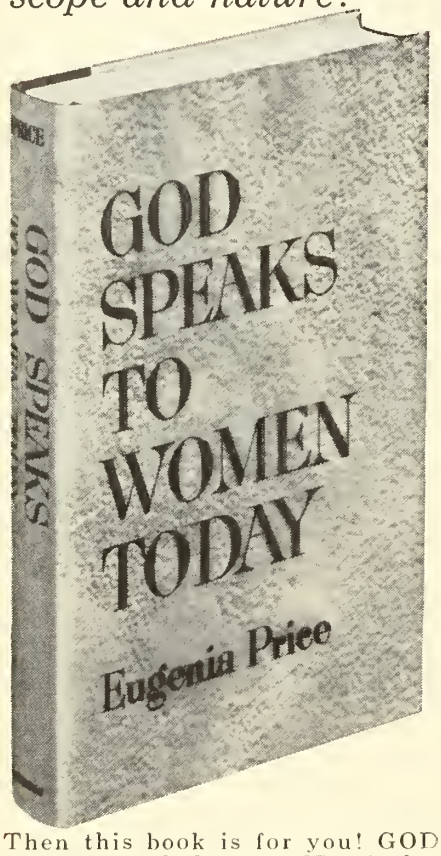

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your own humanness and God's love for you in spite of it. In fact, there is nobody else quite like this English Methodist preacher, and each of his books—this is the fourth—expresses more fully the joyousness of the Christian faith.

Robert Payne is so prolific and versatile a writer that his work is also published under several pseudonyms. But his special talent is an ability to create books that shed a radiant light on the history of lands and people. To two such books he has recently given his own name: ***The Splendor of France*** (Harper & Row, $6.50) and ***Ancient Greece*** (Norton, $8.95).

The volume on France could be considered a travelogue in that it progresses through that abundantly fertile country from the southern coast to cities on its northernmost border. But it is a travelogue in time as well as space, for myth, history, and art are blended into a shimmering dimensional view.

Ancient Greece reveals a quarrelsome, kinetic people whose constant arguments resulted in a new kind of freedom under law. "There was still dew in their eyes," Payne writes, trying to express their dazzling youthfulness. It was the curiosity of that youthfulness that resulted in their self-discovery, the Greek people's greatest gift to mankind.

With sure pen strokes and brilliant washes of watercolor, Anne Poore captured the magnetic charm of modern Greece so eloquently that **Henry Miller**, seeing her drawings, found himself reliving his own stay there.

In ***Greece*** (Viking, $6.95), he has written a nostalgic, evocative text that protests the steel and concrete of western civilization. We wonder why a people like the Greeks who have endured so many tribulations over such a long period of time have such a zest for life, such strength of character, such a stubborn will to live, he says. "We fail to realize that this prodigious vitality, this incurable faith in life, is the result—and reward, if you like—of all they have suffered and endured." Their threat today comes from the West. "What we are offering them, even with the best of intentions, may prove their undoing."

For our own good, we Americans had better revise our approach to communist nations, says **George F. Kennan** in ***On Dealing With the Communist World*** (Harper & Row, $3).

Few people are as well qualified to discuss the world behind the Iron Curtain. Kennan accompanied the first United States ambassador to the Soviet Union 30 years ago; he has himself been an ambassador to Moscow and, more recently, he was ambassador to Yugoslavia. It was he who was the architect of the "containment policy" that checked Stalin for a number of years.

"I am not preaching spineless pacifism," Kennan writes, but, he

"Quai at Hydra with Monument" is the appropriately classic caption appearing under this Anne Poore drawing included in Greece. *Henry Miller's text decries modernity threatening such scenes.*

points out, we cannot wipe out communism through war, and we are kidding ourselves if we expect an uprising in Red lands. Meanwhile, the Kremlin leaders have snapped out of their delusion that they could destroy the Free World.

What, then, is our best course? Kennan would be flexible in dealing with each communist nation. We would be wise, he believes, to encourage the satellite countries to glance westward occasionally instead of showing them nothing but our frosted back. Then there will be more chance that the satellites will find they can work out their own salvation without being subservient to Russia, just as the Yugoslavs are doing now.

With all one's mind and with all one's strength. That epitomizes how Vladimir Ilich Ulyanov, known to the world as Lenin, came to dominate recent history.

Notwithstanding the Marxists' stress on materialism, the father of the Soviet system proved by his own life that mind is superior to matter. What counted with him was the idea. Since he did not care for people, he could ignore human values and impose his will on others by sheer determination.

Regardless of how intensely one detests communism, every Christian ought to read one of the several new biographies of the Russian leader. The most readable are **Louis Fischer's** ***The Life of Lenin*** (Harper & Row, $10) and **Robert Payne's** ***The Life and Death of Lenin*** (Simon and Schuster, $8.50).

Fischer, who knew Lenin and has lived in Russia, has written the meatier portrayal. He makes it clear that Marxism-Leninism is not the answer to humanity's woes, and that you never dare trust the Communists.

In some respects, Lenin's career, and the whole record of the Bolshevik takeover in Russia, was like a comic opera, so fantastic as to be almost unbelievable. A handful of fanatics picking up the pieces when czarist Russia fell apart, then imposing a terrible despotism upon millions during the chaos, could not have succeeded if the entire nation had not been a shambles.

One lesson in Lenin's biographies can be applied by anyone: believe in something with all your mind and heart, set a purpose, study intensively, do not become squeamish if others ridicule you, dispense with the meringue of life, strive with all your might, and never give up.

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have been built if the economic conditions of the day had not been as they were.

J. R. Buckley revives some of the more glamorous examples of that era of fine machinery and luxurious body work in *Classic Cars* (Viking, $2.98), an appropriately fine job of book-making with illustrations in sparkling color.

It is one of those books people invariably pick up and thumb lovingly through when they walk into my office.

A young lady whose truthfulness I did not doubt told me once that the cross she wore on a chain around her neck was a mineral that had been found in that shape. I thought it must be very rare. However, I have just found that it was not.

American Gem Trails (McGraw-Hill, $5.50) tells us that these curious crosses are not at all unusual in the southern Appalachians. They are twinned crystals of a mineral called staurolite, and are called fairy crosses, or fairy stones.

American Gem Trails, written by an author appropriately named **Richard M. Pearl**, is packed with information about the precious and semiprecious stones that can be found in every one of the United States' 3,072 counties. Even if you do not plan to do any gem-hunting, it is interesting reading.

We had a coffee-time discussion recently about the scientific aspects of flight, and there was some disagreement as to whether the wing of an airplane is held up from below or lifted by low pressure above. If we had read *All About Aviation* (Random House, $1.95), we would have known that the lift comes from above, illogical as it may seem.

Robert D. Loomis has written this fascinating survey of flight for young people in a highly readable way, and the photographs and diagrams come as near putting you in the air as it is possible to do.

Margaret B. Kreig was medical editor and science writer on a national magazine when Rand McNally asked her if there was a book idea in such news items as, "The Drug Boom Sparked by Exotic Plants," "New Miracles in Jungle Medicine," and "Witch Doctors and Your Health."

Perhaps Rand McNally also knew that pretty Mrs. Kreig, who had been both a fashion model and a lady marine, had headed the Midwest chapter of Mystery Writers of America; for certainly in the quest for new pharmaceutical discoveries, there is deduction, the patient tracking of clues, suspense, even danger, just as in a good who-done-it. In any case, the result of Mrs. Kreig's own detecting over four years and many thousands of miles is ***Green Medicine*** (Rand McNally, $5.95), an absorbing account of botanical investigation ranging from remote rain forests to laboratories around the globe.

The greatest all-out search for a drug plant was for one that would produce cortisone for arthritis. The trail ended in the jungles of Mexico, and today over 70 percent of the prescriptions written for cortical hormones start with the wild Mexican yam called dioscorea. It has so many medicinal uses that it may be the most important drug-yielding plant ever discovered.

Mrs. Kreig saw the yam in its natural habitat in the wilds of Mexico, but by that time she was a veteran plant hunter. She had won her spurs with an expedition that collected medicinal plants in the Peruvian rain forest.

The ebb tide of Civil War books is at hand, the new offerings dwindling as the centennial hour of Appomattox nears. With the receding tide has come ***The Seven Days: The Emergence of Lee*** (Little, Brown, $7.50) by historian **Clifford Dowdey**.

It is the story of the Seven Days' Battle before Richmond in 1862 in which Robert E. Lee turned back McClellan's powerful Union forces when they were within seven miles of the Confederacy's capital. In these seven days from June 26 through July 2 began the emergence of Lee, newly appointed commander of the Army of Northern Virginia, as a military strategist.

Discarding his predecessor's "strategy of evading the enemy, Lee planned to seize the initiative and fight the enemy *at points of his own selection,*" Dowdey writes. "He abandoned its static aspects and arranged to strike a decisive counteroffensive." This unexpected defeat of McClellan killed the hopes, prevalent in that first year, of an early and peaceful settlement of the war.

Dowdey, a native Virginian, writes brilliantly, provocatively of the Peninsular campaign of '62, of events and battles, of politicians and generals. His third volume on the war, *The Seven Days* predates the other two, *Death of a Nation* and *Lee's Last Campaign*.

The first time grief plunges us into a cold and empty world we are too stunned to remember this may come to anyone who is lucky enough to love another. But if someone can put a hand on our arm and say: "I have been there, too," we know that we do not walk alone.

Clement H. Pugsley is no stranger to the paths of grief. Now superin-

tendent minister of Bromsgrove Circuit, Worcestershire, England, he was serving in Manchester and then in Liverpool during World War II, when German bombers made bereavement a daily companion. And in 1958, his own wife died.

He has written ***In Sorrow's Lone Hour*** (Abingdon, $1.75) to help in the earliest days of loss. What he says is positive, sensitive, and tremendously helpful.

On March 13, 1964, a young woman named Catherine Genovese was stabbed to death outside her apartment house in a pleasant, middle-class section of New York City.

A four-paragraph story appeared in *The New York Times* the next day, and the matter might have been forgotten if **A. M. Rosenthal**, *Times* metropolitan editor, had not had lunch with the police commissioner the next Monday.

"Brother," the commissioner told him, "that Queens story is one for the books." Thirty-eight people, the commissioner said, had watched Catherine Genovese being killed, and not one of them had called the police to save her life.

Rosenthal was sure the commissioner had been exaggerating, but he assigned a reporter to the case, and on March 27 the *Times* printed a story that shook the city. For more than half an hour, those 38 respectable, law-abiding Queens citizens had watched the killer stalk and stab the woman in three separate attacks. Not one person called the police during that time. One witness did call after the woman was dead, and in two minutes officers were at the scene.

Why did no one call before? One woman said she thought it was a lover's quarrel. A husband and wife admitted they were "afraid." A distraught woman didn't want her husband "to get involved." A man "was tired."

Rosenthal tells the whole fantastic story in ***Thirty-Eight Witnesses*** (McGraw-Hill, $2.95). It seems to him that what happened in the apartments and houses on Austin Street in Queens is a symptom of a terrible reality in the human condition—that only under certain situations and only in response to certain reflexes or certain beliefs will a man step out of his shell toward his brother.

There are, he believes, only two logical ways to look at the story of the murder of Catherine Genovese. One is to forget the whole thing. "The other is to recognize that the bell tolls even on each man's individual island, to recognize that every man must fear the witness in himself who whispers to close the window."

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With GERALD KENNEDY
BISHOP, LOS ANGELES AREA

TWO YEARS after I had finished graduate work at Hartford Theological Seminary in 1934, I was appointed to Calvary Methodist Church in San Jose, Calif. The church was located within a block of the attractive home of a prominent department-store owner—a man who had been visited by tragedy a few years earlier. His son had been kidnapped and murdered. Shortly after the arrest of the accused kidnap-slayers, a mob broke into the San Jose jail, dragged them from their cells, and hanged them from trees in the city park just across the street.

The thing that impressed me most when I heard references to those terrible events was that everybody in the city seemed to know it was going to happen. On the night of the lynchings, crowds gathered at the jail and park in expectation of the events. One of my church-school teachers told me the night had been so horrible that she called a retired Methodist minister and asked to talk with him. She had to find some comforting word from God if she were to continue living in that city.

Now all this made a great impression on me, of course, but I had long forgotten it, or thought I had, until I picked up a new novel entitled **MINISTERS OF VENGEANCE** by **Robert E. Conot** (***Lippincott, $6.95***). I had the strange feeling of knowing what was going to happen next.

Then it came to me: this must be the story of that San Jose kidnapping and lynching. The town in the novel is near San Francisco. The kidnappers murder their victim on a bay bridge. The merchant is named Star instead of Hart, which was the name of the San Jose man. The author attended Stanford University for a time, and I concluded this was a fictional account of those horrible happenings. While I have seen no indication that this is so, there are too many coincidences to be accidental.

I read this book with great interest and found it difficult to put it down. Whether this was because of my own previous experience or whether the book is in itself an exciting one, I am not entirely sure. It has some seamy characters and some sex. It is not an uplifting yarn. But it is well written, and it sheds a good deal of light on human behavior. I thought I ought to make this clear to you before describing the book briefly.

It is depression time, and two men without much to do and with little money are looking around for an opportunity to make a quick profit. One is a widower without much education but with a good mind. The other one, not very bright, is the son of very religious parents. The two men begin to speculate idly about kidnapping Mills Star and collecting $50,000 from his father. The whole thing is done on the spur of the moment, and the only wonder is that they are not caught earlier. Even the murder seems almost unpremeditated.

There is a kind of vigilante group in the city made up of leading businessmen who already have kidnapped a communist agitator and sent him to the Orient on a freighter. These are the men who organize the lynching under the direction of a brilliant lawyer who has no morality. His young assistant goes along for a while, but finally decides that, in spite of his pretense of being amoral, he cannot participate in the actual hanging of the men.

The anguish which the kidnapping brings to the Star family means its ultimate destruction. I remember in the Hart case in San Jose that no one ever saw Mr. Hart, and the story was that he did not see people any more. The parents of the kidnappers cannot understand what has happened and, indeed, they themselves seem lost in a plot that took hold of them almost without their will.

The book builds up slowly and inevitably to its tragedy, and although you see it coming, you can hardly wait for the next chapter. Here is what life becomes without moral judgment or moral purpose.

Since this is the time for late summer reading and relaxation, I am going to speak of **THE SPY WHO CAME**

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IN FROM THE COLD by John Le Carre (*Coward-McCann, $4.50*). I picked this one up because it was being talked about in so many reviews. It takes you into the cold jungle world of espionage where a man's life counts for very little and where there is no such thing as trust. There is some personal integrity, but it gets so mixed up that one wonders if this seamy side of international relationships must go on forever.

The story deals with English and Russian relations and the attempt of Scotland Yard to destroy one of Russia's chief agents. Our British spy prepares to play the part of a betrayer of his own country in order that he may learn the agent's identity. He thinks he knows who he is, and his only job is to get into the confidence of the enemy so that he can destroy the villain. Imagine the confusion when he learns the identity of the agent.

You will read this book with anticipation for what is going to happen next is never very plain. This is the world of Dashiell Hammett and the cold impersonal use of men as pawns in a large game. It is the world of sin where a man has no value in himself and must be ruthlessly discarded if the cause demands it.

Both of these books I have spoken about show humanity at its worst. If anybody thinks our modern society has outgrown its need for redemption, take a look at these two situations and change your mind. No wonder that the healing of mankind demands the radical treatment of the Atonement. For men such as these—and they are neighbors and ourselves—could not possibly be saved by anything less than the cross and the Resurrection. □

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"No, having our class meet in the pastor's study is not the same as being sent to the principal's office."

Teens Together

By RICHMOND BARBOUR

DO YOUR classmates like you? Do you have many friends? Or are you lonely and disliked? Here are some questions which may help you in your relationships with other teenagers. Try to answer them frankly.

Do you avoid things which irritate those around you? For example, are your face and hands dirty, or clean? Is your hair mussed, or properly combed? Do you use a deodorant? Is your body flabby? Or do you keep in shape? You will not be liked if you are sloppy, smelly, or dirty. That's for sure.

Do you pay attention to your clothes? They need not be expensive. You do not have to own a big wardrobe, but you can be sure that what you wear is neat and in good repair. You can act as though you felt well-dressed. The way you wear your clothes is at least as important as the clothes themselves.

Can you do the things expected of you? Girls or boys who cannot dance are apt to be unpopular. If your crowd goes in for dances, you should learn to dance well. Do you live near the water? Then swimming is important. Does your group play tennis or some other sport? You need the skills your classmates admire.

Can you talk well with others? Do not chatter about yourself. Instead, get your friends to talk about things in which they are interested. Listen. Ask appropriate questions. Remember what they say and refer to it next time you see them. They will love you for it.

Finally, do you try to put those around you at their ease? Or do you embarrass them with sarcastic wisecracks? If you want to be genuinely popular, you should never cut people down. Good luck!

Q&A

I am a girl, 14. Recently I was chosen head cheerleader. I beat out another girl. She has been very mean and tells lies about me. She says I let boys do whatever they want. This is awful! I am a good Christian girl! I went to the counselor about her stories. He said her lies would hurt her more than me. He told me just to say "Hi" to the girl and be nice to her. I have done this now for several weeks, and she is just as bad as ever. Could I have her arrested for slandering me? —D.B. Do not even think of having her arrested. Give your friends credit for seeing through her stories. It may take a long time for her to get over her disappointment at not being head cheerleader. Just ignore her fibs. As your counselor said, the lies hurt her more than you.

Q&A

When should I join a church? I am 14. I believe in God, although I am puzzled about many things. Recently the other kids in my church-school class became church members. They thought I was crazy when I said I did not want to join. I told them I had to think things over some more. Daddy said I was right and so did our preacher. But I do not know. Should I have joined?—J.L. I believe you did the right thing. You should join a church when you are old enough to know your own mind and are firm in your beliefs. Keep on being nice to the other kids. They will get over their feelings toward you. Discuss your religious questions with your preacher. He can help you greatly.

Q&A

Am I poison? I'm a girl of 15. I went to my first big dance recently. I sat three hours while the other kids had fun. The boys spoke to me and smiled, but not one of them asked me to dance. I try always to be friendly. I dress well. I am not homely. I am "buddies" with several boys. What's wrong?—R.J. I am sorry for what happened. At your age, there never are enough boys to go around. Inevitably some girls will be wallflowers at dances. Do you dance well? It might help to have your friends who are exceptionally good dancers give you some lessons. Would it be possible for you to talk with the teacher who sponsors the school dances? There should be many tag dances and other mixers at the next big party. Then every girl will be able to dance at least a few times during the evening. Be patient. In another year or so, the odds will be more favorable.

Q&A

I am a college freshman and have been dating a senior. He is an atheist. I was raised in a good Methodist family. I have tried to love God and to live by his commandments. My boyfriend has almost convinced me that God is a myth. Do you believe

Bishop Nall Answers Questions About

Your Faith and Your Church

What are these 'hard' sayings? "If your eye causes you to sin, pluck it out" (Matthew 18:9). "Love your enemies, and pray for those who persecute you" (Matthew 5:44). "If any man comes to me and does not hate his own father and mother . . . he cannot be my disciple" (Luke 14:26). And there are many more!

We can try to explain these away by suggesting that Jesus used exaggeration ("hyperbole" is the fancy word) to arrest attention. We can try to reconstruct the situation and we should. But we ought never forget that his Gospel was (and is!) an arresting and testing Gospel. It has little appeal for weaklings.

Are Rightists (Leftists) Christians? Not as such, for Christianity, as the Good News of reconciliation (Ephesians 2:16 and 2 Corinthians 5:19), does not separate us into opposing political and economic camps. The test comes when we try to speak out as Christians among Rightists, or Leftists, or Middle-of-Roaders. Do they give us the chance to speak and act as Christians, even though what we say and do cuts across their teachings?

Do all religions have the same base? Bighearted, but softheaded, we sometimes say, "In the long run, all religions boil down to the same thing." True enough, the yearning for salvation is almost universal, but there are vast differences in the way different persons approach this deep-down need.

This does not deny the fact that there is some truth in most religions, but the body of truth is greater in some than in others. In *Religion and Christian Faith* Henrik Kraemer puts it pointedly: "The more one penetrates different religions and tries to understand them in their total, peculiar entity, the more one sees that they are worlds in themselves, with their own centers, axes, and structures, not reducible to each other, or to a common denominator which expresses their inner core."

Can the altar be used as a Communion table? Properly speaking, a Methodist church has no altar (place of sacrifice) except in a symbolic sense. Everything we do and say and even think is a sacrifice to our Creator and Redeemer.

So, the center of the Communion service is the Lord's table. The minister stands beside it when he announces the offering for the needy. He kneels facing the Lord's table when he consecrates the elements and leads the people in the prayer of humble access. Where practical, it is appropriate for the people to kneel or stand about the table as they commune.

"Questions usually mean questing," says Bishop Nall, for some years CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE *editor and now head of the Minnesota Area. "That's why I like trying to answer them. And when big questions come, I always write in dread of giving little answers."*

in God, Dr. Barbour? Do you think I should believe in God? Is there anyone who can help me?—A.C. There is a God who is interested in you and in each one of us. We should try to live by his commandments. You and your boyfriend should go to the leader of your campus Methodist group. He is used to answering questions about religion and atheism. Listen to his comments. He will show you in detail. You will learn why your boyfriend is wrong.

Q&A

I have gone steady with the same boy for three years. This month he left for college. Before he left he proposed, and I said yes. Then he wanted us to "seal our love" with sex. I refused. He was hurt. He said 90 percent of the engaged couples do that. He can talk circles around me. I ran out of arguments, but I still refused. He is wrong, isn't he?—B.P. Yes, he is wrong. Some engaged couples go ahead. The majority do not. Our Christian moral code sets high standards. Intimacy is proper only after marriage, never before. I hope you will not weaken. Do not be surprised if your boyfriend gets interested in other girls at college. I have known many couples who tried to stay engaged while one partner was away at school. Eventually they broke up. Try not to be shattered if this happens to you.

Q&A

I am a boy, 13. A girl in our small church tells lies about me. She says I smoke, although I don't. She says I try to get fresh with every girl I see. That is a lie. She says I do nasty things, though I do not. I am embarrassed all the time. I have tried to talk with her, but she just laughs. Should I go to our minister about this?—A.D. People who tell lies about others end up hurting only themselves. Your friends soon will realize that her stories are not true. They will stop trusting her. Meantime it would help if your minister understood what is happening. So go see him.

Q&A

I am a college sophomore. My boyfriend is a junior. We grew up in the same church. He now is an atheist. I still love God, so I argue with him. However, he will not take me seriously. He is willing to take me to church, but he says he will not listen to the sermon. He should not go to church

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unless he listens, should he?—A.M. The pastor of a campus Methodist group at your college is a very capable young man. He is used to talking with students who feel as your boyfriend does. Arrange to get the two together. Also I hope you will have your boyfriend take you to church. He might listen in spite of himself. The experience of being with kindly God-fearing people may help him.

Q&A

I have been arguing with my father about money. He earns $9,500 a year, but he will not give me an allowance. I am 14. Recently I took over a paper route which pays $18 a month. Now my father makes me give it all to him! I still do not have a cent. Is this fair? —J.L. I believe it is unfair. Was your father raised in Europe? Some European families have the tradition that everything everyone earns should go to the father. However, American parents usually give their children regular allowances, and let their teen-agers control most of the money which they earn. Would your father be willing to talk with your school counselor about this? Or with the parents of some of your friends? Perhaps he will take suggestions from them.

Q&A

Our doctor told me to write to you. I am a girl, 13. My mother is a widow. She whips me until my legs bleed. They do not get well any more. I have awful dreams at night. I used to go to school, but my mother will not let me now. She won't even let me go to Sunday school. Our doctor says my mother should be put in a mental hospital, and that I should be protected. Where can I go for help?—S.L. I am sorry for your terrible experience. Go immediately to the county probation officer. You can look up the address in the phone book. Tell one of the workers there exactly what has happened. Have a worker phone your doctor. Ask to be placed in a foster home. The workers in the probation office have had experience in other cases similar to yours. They will know what to do. Do not delay.

•

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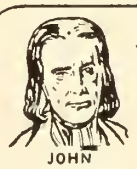

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THE CUP OF HOPE

By RALPH W. SOCKMAN
Minister Emeritus, Christ Church-Methodist, New York, N.Y.

And he took a cup,
and when he had given thanks
he said, "Take this, and divide it
among yourselves."

—Luke 22:17

CHRISTIANS have different ways of observing the Lord's Supper. Some take the sacred elements standing, as if saluting; others sit at the table, as if guests; still others, perhaps the most, kneel as if bowing in humility. But whatever form of observance, the Sacrament makes more vivid and vital our communion with Jesus Christ, who died to save us all.

In the marriage service, there comes a point where the ring is about to be placed on the finger of the bride, and sometimes of the groom, also. The ring is handed to the minister, who blesses it with the words: "The wedding ring is the outward and visible symbol of an inward and spiritual bond which unites two loyal hearts in endless love."

Such a symbol may seem unnecessary to a cold-blooded, matter-of-fact mind. In fact, the marriage ceremony itself may seem a needless yielding to sentimentality. Why the ceremony of vows and rings and altars? Because life is more than a cold-blooded, matter-of-fact business!

So it is in the life of nations. When the American colonies began to realize the need of union in their effort to redress the wrongs of taxation without representation, the colonists sent delegates to a Continental Congress. They passed a Declaration of Independence. They adopted Articles of Confederation, and finally a Federal Constitution. Thus they had signed statements in black and white. Were not these enough? No, people are not inspired and sustained merely by documents. They wanted the flag of these United States, with its stars and stripes. Our flag is only a piece of colored cloth. Yet who can measure the influence of that emblem? Men need outward and visible symbols of inward and spiritual bonds.

Some years ago my own son, then a schoolboy of 16, wrote in a class poem these words:

Living's tiny land is mostly plains,/And ecstasy's swift-sinking mountains few and far between.

Yes, life needs its soul-stirring hours and red-letter days to lift us out of our rutted roads; and then we preserve these high moments by symbols and ceremonies.

This sermon appears in Preaching the Passion, *edited by Alton M. Motter (copyright © 1963, Fortress Press). Condensed version used by permission. Illustration by Margaret Rigg used by permission of* motive.—Eds.

In the course of religious history, certain symbols have been elevated to the status of what we call sacraments. A sacrament is "an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace." But the Lord's Supper is so central to the whole sacramental system that when the layman hears the term "sacrament" he almost instinctively thinks of the Last Supper.

As the Scripture says, our Lord knew what was in man. Jesus knew that ideas to be remembered must be picturesque and that duties, to be gripping, must be dipped in emotion. Hence Jesus did not merely say that God is our Father. He pictured God the Father in the unforgettable parable of the prodigal son. Jesus did not merely teach that men are meant to be brothers and neighbors. He dramatized what brotherly and neighborly love is in the story of the good Samaritan.

And when he came to die, Jesus did not merely say, "I am with you always, even to the close of the age." He spent the last night of his earthly life celebrating with his disciples a historic festival of his people. And he transformed that commemoration of the Jewish Passover into a memorial of his own passion which has carried the conviction of his continuing presence through the ages.

The record is given by Luke: "And when the hour came, he sat at table, and the apostles with him. And he said unto them, 'I have earnestly desired to eat this passover with you before I suffer; for I tell you, I shall not eat it until it is fulfilled in the kingdom of God.' And he took a cup, and. . ."

What does that cup symbolize? At first it seemed the symbol of necessary sorrow, of suffering which, as we say in colloquial language, we have to swallow. It was in this sense of the cup as the bitter portion of life's necessary hardships that Christ used the word when he prayed in Gethsemane, "My Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me."

It was in this same sense that Jesus replied to the sons of Zebedee when their mother asked that they might have first place when he came into his kingdom. He said to them, "Are you able to drink the cup that I drink?" That is in plain, blunt language: "Can you stand up and take the bitter medicine which I shall have to swallow?"

Surely the wine was blood red in the cup of suffering which our Lord drank. Yet he drank it without flinching, saying in Gethsemane, "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless not as I will, but as thou wilt." He drank it saying to his comrades, "Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world." He drank it without bitterness toward those who inflicted it, praying from the cross, "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do." Because he drank it as he did, that cup of suffering was transformed in our Lord's hands into the cup of grace.

So far as outward compulsion was concerned, Christ could have escaped the cross. He said, "No one takes [my life] from me, but I lay it down of my own accord." He had come to reveal the love of his heavenly Father. And to fulfill that mission, he loved even to the end. He gave the last full measure of devotion not merely as a patriot dies for his own country, not merely as a martyr dies for a cause, but as a Savior dying to redeem all men out of every tongue and race and nation.

And the divine grace thus revealed melts and moves the heart of man. Isaac Watts voiced our response in his familiar hymn:

See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

The cup we may have to drink may have some bitterness in it. But by the grace of God, we can take it, if we can lift our eyes from the grim necessities of these times to the overflowing love of him who died for us.

Yet, the cup means more. Jesus handed the cup to his disciples saying, as Matthew puts it, "I shall not drink again of this fruit of the vine until that day when I drink it new with you in my Father's kingdom." In Christ's hand, the cup becomes not only the cup of suffering and of grace but also the cup of hope. Jesus turned the thoughts of his disciples from the foggy darkness of that fateful night into the dawn of a new day.

When hope shines through a night like that, there must be a powerful light behind it. To stand on the eve of one's own death and talk calmly and confidently about the future is a test of faith and hope which only the strongest can stand. Here is vivid demonstration that "suffering produces endurance and endurance produces character and character produces hope."

A remarkable motion picture, *A Night to Remember,* was the portrayal of the tragic night when the great new ship *Titanic* struck an iceberg and sank on her maiden voyage, carrying some 1,500 passengers to a watery grave. The picture recalled to me two drawings which appeared in one of our American papers shortly after the tragedy. One showed the ship striking the iceberg and crumbling like a fragile eggshell. Underneath that picture was this line, "The weakness of Man, the supremacy of Nature." The other drawing, right beside it, was the portrayal of one of the passengers, W. T. Stead, stepping back to give his place in the last lifeboat to a woman with a child. Underneath the picture was this caption, "The weakness of Nature, the supremacy of Man."

There is something in man greater than the forces of nature or the machines we invent. Call it what we will—"conscience," "spirit," "the divine spark"—God hath set eternity in our hearts and the mark of his sonship in our souls. We need to remember this in an age of the Sputniks and intercontinental missiles, for it is the answer of hope. As Paul has said, "We are saved by hope."

The Lord's Last Supper was "a night to remember." And Easter morn was a dawn that will never dim. That is why I, for one, still have confidence that out of the sufferings of this present time will come a deeper sympathy. Out of the collapse of human cleverness will come a greater dependence on divine help. Out of the common sacrifices of nations will come a wider spirit of unity.

In this day of struggle, can we stand with Christ and drink the cup of suffering, of grace, of hope? Not in our own strength, but by God's grace, let us answer together, "We are able." □

On a "pilgrimage with Christ," participants follow flagbearers to view scenes from Jesus' life.

Central Minnesota's group ministry holds a . . .

PARISH

SINCE they united to form the Central Minnesota Methodist Parish in 1961, nine small and medium-sized Minnesota churches have been able to carry out efforts together which none could undertake alone.

In subtle ways, year-round work of the parish results in many such co-operative ventures. But once a year the fruit of their co-operation bursts into full public view. This year it was a parish festival, which drew some 800 persons one balmy Sunday to tiny Glendorado Church near the parish's geographic center. The daylong event incorporated elements of Christian education, worship, fellowship, and rededi-

Preparations included arranging a religious art display prepared by the Methodist Board of Education and featuring pictures used in the new curriculum.

In a scene representing Jesus as teacher, children gather to hear a story and receive a blessing.

FESTIVAL

Beef—550 pounds of it—was barbecued 14 hours in a pit of hardwood coals. Families paid $1 for meat and provided the rest of their own food. Planners hoped only to cover expenses, made no profit.

eation of the parishioners to the Christian mission.

A "pilgrimage with Christ" opened the program at 10 a.m. Divided into three groups, the crowd moved around the grounds of a rural school across the road from the church to view living tableaux depicting the teaching, preaching, and healing ministries of Jesus. Simultaneously at each of three locations, scenes from the Master's life were reenacted until all attending had completed the pilgrimage. Actors, readers, singers, and instrumentalists in the scenes represented churches throughout the parish.

Following a beef barbecue dinner, the group assembled for an outdoor Communion service led by Bishop T. Otto Nall [see cover]. The day ended with a commissioning service dramatizing the theme of all parish work: "The heart of Christ in the heart of Minnesota." (*More pictures on next page*)

Climax of the day came in the commissioning service, with all participating. At the heart's center, forming a cross, are the confirmation classes and the senior members of each church.

Bishop Nall presided with parish pastors at the service of Holy Communion (left). On the altar are 14 loaves of bread, baked by women of the parish. The loaves were broken by the ministers and passed with trays of grape juice to the seated worshipers. During the lunch hour, Bishop Nall took time (above) to record the day on film.

Meetings of the parish council are held monthly, while ministerial staff members get together at least twice a month in sessions like this at the parish office. From left: Delton Krueger, Phyllis Neal, Mary MacNicholl, and William Mealio. In the foreground: Douglas Norris.

4 Pastors, 9 Churches, ONE PARISH

A MAP gives no logical reason why the nine churches of the Central Minnesota Methodist Parish should be grouped together. Their 1,200 members live in six different counties, send their children to seven different high schools, and share no common trade center or hospital. Occupationally diverse, they include lifelong farmers, small-town businessmen, and a swelling number of commuters who drive 40 to 80 miles daily to jobs outside the area.

Neither nature's topographic features nor the man-made road system ties the towns and churches together. Many factors, in fact, seem more inclined to separate than to join them.

But for logical reasons or not, most members of the parish agree that Methodism's witness is far more meaningful to the life of central Minnesota now than it was before the parish was organized.

One reason is leadership. Although no one is "head" of the staff, the four pastors and the parish's church and community worker provide a unified ministry much like that of one large church served by a five-member staff. But because they live and serve in separate communities, they are more involved in the day-to-day lives of their parishioners.

Largest church in the parish (with about 400 members) is Princeton, which also serves as the parish headquarters. Pastor Delton Krueger also serves rural Spencer Brook Church. The Rev. Douglas Norris has the Milaca, Santiago, and Fellowship (Glendorado-Estes Brook) Churches on his charge, and the Rev. Mary MacNicholl is pastor for Becker, Clearwater, and Clear Lake. Zimmerman Church was served until midsummer by the Rev. William Mealio who since has gone to Claremont, Calif., to complete his theological studies.

Miss Phyllis Neal, a Pennsylvania native, joined the parish staff in 1962 as Minnesota's first church and community worker, sponsored by the Woman's Division of the Methodist Board of Missions. Her salary is presently paid by the Minnesota Annual Conference and the conference Woman's Society.

Although each pastor's appointment places him in one location with particular responsibility for his charge, parish leaders have cultivated the idea that each actually is a pastor to the entire parish, contributing special abilities that none

of the others duplicates. The idea is put into practice through quarterly pulpit exchanges and special Lenten services involving all five staff members in all nine churches. During Holy Week, the ministers join in conducting Communion services at strategic locations around the parish.

The Central Minnesota Methodist Parish had its beginning in 1961 when 10 congregations, 5 with fewer than 50 members, voted to join forces and deal co-operatively with mutual problems. Each elected two representatives, one man and one woman, to serve on the parish council. Two of the smallest congregations were merged early this year, but this does not necessarily represent a pattern for the future.

A parish-wide hymn-sing was the first event the infant council sponsored. Its success led to other ventures: a church-school leadership-training school, missions festival, music workshop, and ultimately the yearly "main event" which seeks to dramatize the parish's united witness to the area. The first year it was a Rural Life Caravan in which 250 persons toured all 10 churches in a procession of bright orange school buses. This year it was the Parish Festival pictured on the preceding pages.

Success in these co-operative activities has brought mounting enthusiasm for and confidence in the parish as an instrument benefitting the work of all nine congregations. Rarely heard any more is the complaint: "We can't do that; we're too small."

Parish laymen have come to expect unusual, experimental ideas to come out of the parish council, often suggested by the ministers but sometimes by lay members as well. The council's prevailing attitude is pragmatic: let's develop our own ideas to fit the parish needs.

A typically creative effort is the home-study Bible course in which more than 100 adults are enrolled by correspondence. Staff members, finding no published materials available for home study, prepared their own series of Bible lessons and offered them to anyone who asked. They were surprised but delighted by the response and soon will offer a second series for those who complete the first.

Christian education has become the focus of much parish work. Each week Miss Neal works with a different church school, meeting ahead of time with teachers to prepare the Sunday lesson, conducting the class on Sunday while the teacher observes, and evaluating the session afterward. She works also with MYF and Woman's Society groups in planning and conducting programs.

All office work is handled by one secretary. A common order of worship is used for Sunday services in all nine churches, and bulletins for all are mimeographed in the office. Both pastors and laymen recognize good stewardship in the savings which come through volume purchases of supplies and use of only one set of office equipment.

Far more important than mere organizational efficiency and successful events, however, is the purpose which all such mechanics are intended to achieve. Basically, as its leaders see it, the parish will fulfill its goal only as it develops among its people a concept of the church which goes beyond a local congregation and its building, beyond the parish itself, and beyond institutional Methodism.

Delton Krueger reflects the feeling of all the parish pastors when he says: "One of our greatest strengths is an increasing concern among both ministers and laymen to minister to the world around us as we find it, so we see that the mission of the church is not just in Africa or someplace else far away, but that it is in central Minnesota, too. I think we're getting into that and working at it." □

Among the duties of parish secretary Nellie Johnson (above) is the mailing of lesson materials to parishioners like Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Cutler (left) who study the Bible by correspondence.

SELECTED BITS FROM YOUR

Letters

Disappointed by Conference

V. M. GROVER
Buffalo, N.Y.

I read with disappointment and shame that the General Conference not only failed to "make clear Methodist positions" on vital issues of church and state but that it "reversed its 1960 stand of giving specific commendation to the controversial organization Protestants and Other Americans United for the Separation of Church and State (POAU)." [See *Church-State Questions to Be Given More Study,* July, page 13.]

Have the Roman Catholic retreats for Protestant ministers, the "brotherhood" dinners, and the addresses of Roman Catholic bishops before Methodist groups so neutralized these Methodists that they dare not take a stand on church-state relations for fear of offending Rome? Will they no longer oppose demands for public support of parochial schools? Will they sit silently by while the government continues to surrender valuable public property to ecclesiastical authorities for practically nothing?

For shame! Religious liberty was not won without honest controversy, and it is not likely to be long preserved without it!

Conference Did Speak to Laymen

NORMAN E. AMTOWER, *Treasurer*
Oregon Annual Conference
Portland, Oreg.

I must take issue with your August Viewpoint [*What General Conference Didn't Do,* page 13].

As a layman, though attending for the first time, I recognize that we are those "well acquainted with the church" and believe this is necessary if the conference is to function at all. As one who did not speak on the floor, I would hate to judge the conference's effectiveness by those who did speak or what was said for the record. I can assure you, however, that the questions and concerns of the laity were handled quite well in committee. The conference will begin to speak more directly to the laymen when the delegates return home and convey the conference's actions. I spent every Sunday this summer interpreting General Conference to the people of our conference.

I must endorse the belief that it is better not to act than to act impetuously. But ministers do not have to wait for General Conference to set a pattern before they take a personal stand on a critical issue.

I fail to see where we "did not clarify Methodism's ecumenical attitude." The proposed merger with the Evangelical United Brethren Church is proceeding along a definite schedule. We made it clear we will continue talks with other denominations but will not compromise on our basic Sacraments.

Our treatment of foreign delegates was not the best at all times, but we are attempting to treat all as equals, and with equality will come times of criticism and being called out of order. Equal rights should not be interpreted as special concessions.

He Liked Forthrightness

STANLEY H. MULLEN, *Pastor*
Wooster, Ohio

One of the most encouraging things about the August issue of TOGETHER is the editorial, *What General Conference Didn't Do.*

I liked the forthright way that you spoke out on this matter. Too often it has seemed that church papers print only what they feel may please the readers. As the late Bishop Francis J. McConnell used to say, "Somewhere in the Bible it says that God made the hornet."

I also liked the way you backed up your editorial with *U.S. Methodism: 4 Views From Overseas* [page 14]. For a long time I have felt that we have much to learn from our brethren in other lands. If we are to be a world church, it is about time for U.S. Methodists to receive as well as to give.

Keep putting in the barbs. We need them to stir us up.

Wrong Hand Pictured

CECILIA SHEPPARD, *Deaconess*
Baltimore, Md.

I am neither a Southerner nor a Northerner properly but a Baltimore Methodist deaconess who has more or less thrown in her lot and life with the cause of Negro education. This perhaps gives a bit more of an "inside feeling" about the matter of which I write—the cartoon in your July issue captioned *A Persistent Visitor* [page 3].

I wonder if your editors or the cartoonist thought through the implications of picturing the racial problem as a black fist knocking at the door of the Methodist General Conference. Does it truly picture the problem? Is the matter primarily one of Negro aggressiveness or of white recalcitrance and fear? Should not the cartoonist rather have pictured Christ's hand, perhaps with the hand of the Negro brother, knocking at our door?

Hazardous Horseplay

IRMAGENE N. HOLLOWAY
Safety Specialist
U.S. Public Health Service
Washington, D.C.

As a regular reader of TOGETHER, I have been impressed with the quality of articles, selection of authors, and use of pictures. But I have a serious question in regard to the picture shown on page 38 of the August issue, depicting "youthful horseplay" by MYF members who participated in *Where the White Water Runs.*

This picture shows one of the most hazardous forms of horseplay. When the two boys loose the hands and feet of the third youth, he will fall into shallow water and very easily might break his back on the rock outcropping. I am quite distressed that this picture tells youth to "go and do likewise."

Accidents are the first cause of death and crippling of those between 1 and 34 years of age. I wonder when we are going to get our religious leaders and editorial staff members interested in keeping our young people alive.

'Worth Year's Subscription'

MRS. TWYLA GILKEY
Columbus Junction, Iowa

The July issue of TOGETHER contained a trio of as fine poems as has come to my notice in some time. I have clipped them all to keep and have memorized *Midsummer Rain* [page 40] so that in pensive hours I can take it out and enjoy each lovely line. Its word pictures are delicate and refreshing as dew hung to a spider's web with sunlight glinting through. The poem left me with the same breathless exultation I experienced when I first read *Renascence* by Edna St. Vincent Millay. Please convey my thanks to Marion Doyle.

I often have noted the laggard pace of seasons in a city, as compared to the rough and ready way the seasons burst in the country. Never have I seen this thought expressed before. *City Time* by Jane Merchant [page 18] says it all aptly and with an economy of words.

And I rejoiced at the forthright, honest words of Betty Adkins Fukuyama in *New Minister and Wife to the Con-*

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gregation [page 27]. We all need to pray that the littleness of our souls will not snuff out the precious candle light she speaks of.

These three poems are worth the whole year's subscription rate.

Pastors' Pictures Reversed

BRUCE D. RAHTJEN
Saint Paul School of Theology-Methodist
Kansas City, Mo.

I happened to know both Oral D. Van Horn and Ross E. Whetstone whose meditations you published in the August *Light Unto Thy Path* [page 50]. You have reversed their pictures.

Oral D. Van Horn
Kansas City, Mo.

Ross E. Whetstone
N. Syracuse, N.Y.

Thanks to Prof. Rahtjen for calling this transposition to our attention—and apologies to Pastors Van Horn and Whetstone that it occurred. They are correctly identified above. In the eight years that Light Unto My Path *was published, we think this was the first time such a mix-up occurred. It also will be the last. These weekly meditations were succeeded in September by our new series,* Open Pulpit.—Eds.

'Contradictory Views'

ROGER S. BAGNALL III
Los Altos, Calif.

I am amazed that you could publish Bishop Nall's August column [*Your Faith and Your Church*, page 64] and *The Meanest Disease* [page 28] in the same issue when they evidence such contradictory views.

For the bishop to assert that "the Jewish people have shown by their history what happens when nations of people fail to measure up to God's expectations" is to say that the sufferings of the Jewish people over 2,000 years are a direct result of God's wrath over Jewish sins. Does the bishop really see the Romans, the medieval Europeans, and even Adolf Hitler as agents of God's will, punishing the Jews for their "failings"?

If God interferes in human affairs, it is through human consciences and individual wills, not through guarding nations. I cannot accept Bishop Nall's apparent vision of God as a constantly meddling busybody. God may guide men through ideas, but he is too great to meddle in politics, revolutions, wars.

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Problem Still With Us

GORDON W. KNAPP, *Pastor*
Minoa, N.Y.

Thank you for your excellent article on *Our Needy Migrants* [August, page 3]. In our area, we occasionally encounter people who think migrancy and its problems are a thing of the past. TOGETHER readers, at least, should realize now that this problem is still very much with us—a problem which calls for our Christian concern and action.

Sometimes our town and country churches feel they have no work for their commissions on missions and Christian social concerns. If there are migrants in the community, there are limitless opportunities for Christian service in your own backyard—sometimes the hardest place to serve.

Mr. Reiss Replies

HARRY F. REISS, JR.
New York, N.Y.

As I appreciated your publishing my letter in the May issue [*Temperance, Not Abstinence?* page 66], so do I appreciate your publishing the three responses to it in the July issue. [See *Letters,* page 63.]

I was impressed by Mary K. Roath's decisive suggestion that I give up my church office (president, board of trustees, Great Neck Methodist Church) in as much as I was unable to get so unequivocal a ruling from the Methodist Judicial Council. If I were to follow her suggestion, I would be joining another person from my church who not only has given up his office as a result of the unfortunate action of the recent General Conference but has resigned from our church as well.

Miss Roath might feel our church to be the better because he and his fine family have left us, but I would not presume so to judge the church or God's kingdom as a whole.

As to George M. Albright's challenge, I would be delighted to furnish him with the testimony of eminent Christians (Methodists included) that abstinence is not necessarily beneficial. Ministers, from a spiritual standpoint, and physicians, from a medical standpoint, share this view. Of course I agree that a mere majority does not make something right. It so happens that a majority of us who practice temperance (versus abstinence) do believe that we are right, and we would continue to so believe if we were a minority.

Enthusiastically and affirmatively I would answer John D. Kirk's question that we in the majority should remain in the church and attempt to broaden its outlook, rather than give way to an outmoded minority and leave in its hands a smaller, weaker, and poorer church. After all, we are not advocating that abstainers be forced to drink, only

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He Found an Answer

WILLIAM P. SUGARS
Englewood, Colo.

In your July issue, the letter of John D. Kirk says, "Much ado is made over a matter that Jesus did not even mention." [See *Three Cheers for Mr. Reiss*, page 63.]

I, too, made a study of the Gospels to find something that Jesus said against the use of alcoholic beverages, but found no more than one or two statements against drunkenness until I gave up. Then I found what I wanted, recorded essentially the same by Matthew, Mark, and Luke: "I will drink no more of the fruit of the vine until I drink it new with you in my kingdom."

In Jesus' day, grape juice was stored in goatskin bottles, and that, apparently, was the only drink the people had until grapes were ripe a year later. With no refrigeration, the juice must have been fermented by the time of the Passover, so I am sure the disciples knew what Jesus meant was: "When we get to heaven, we won't have to drink this sour old wine any more. We can have fresh juice any time we want it."

When I see grape juice and other fruit juices on the grocery shelves, I wonder why people push these delicious, wholesome drinks aside for the rotten-tasting stuff that destroys both body and soul.

Calling All Candidates

CECIL F. MCKEE, *Senior Chaplain*
Texas Department of Corrections
Huntsville, Texas

Regarding John Wesley's schedule in *Did Wesley Really Mean Four A.M.?* [August, page 39]:

To say that "John Wesley did it then and we should do it now" is implying that one of us can be elected President if only we will be a duplicate of Abe Lincoln.

She Was Up at Dawn

MRS. ROBERT L. WILSON
Lake Charles, La.

The August issue of TOGETHER came yesterday. I read *A Day Begins . . .* [page 1] and *Did Wesley Really Mean Four A.M.?* [page 39] late last night, being a night owl by nature. However, here I am, up at dawn with enough time before the baby arises to write you a letter and thank you, not only for August's issue but for all the others TOGETHER has published. In my opinion there is no more beautiful or interesting magazine published in America.

Let me enter the controversy on cover pictures. I have never seen a TOGETHER cover I didn't like. Those who

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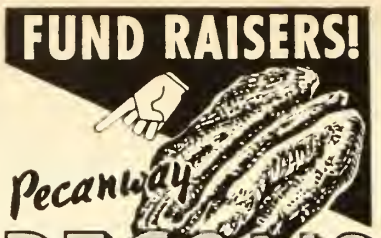

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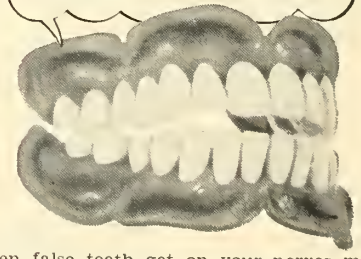

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feel some of your covers are uninspiring, ugly, or too "arty" probably have no contact with the world of art. I think it is splendid of you to give them the opportunity to see new expressions in this field.

Agrees With Governor

RICHARD DUNN
Redmon, Ill.

I have just read the article *Who Is the Patriot?* by Governor Terry Sanford of North Carolina [July, page 15]. I agree with his stand. In particular I agree that the patriot cannot stand idly by "while there is misery or ignorance or hunger or want or corruption or war only a few hours away."

I enjoy reading such fair-minded articles in TOGETHER.

CAMERA CLIQUE

Now's the Time. With fall already upon us, you readers should be considering pictures for submission to TOGETHER's ninth annual Photo Invitational. (The theme is *Work*, and you will find the rules at the back of the magazine.)

Have you thought about pictures of Junior studying (our science teacher omitted this activity from his definition of work), of Mom preparing a holiday feast, of Dad cleaning the dead blooms from the flower garden, or of Sis knitting a bulky sweater for football dates?

Outside the family circle, you will find thousands of suitable scenes: workers on skyscrapers, closeups of a sculptor's hands, the table-tenders at the harvest festival, the suntanned farmhand or the begrimed stevedore, the cycling newsboy or the storm-drenched mailman. There's work and workers wherever you look, colorful, unique, and interesting.

And when fall passes into winter, there will be new scenes, new jobs, new workers, and new colors.

The theme *Work* gives you reader-photographers a new incentive and a different approach to entries for the Photo Invitational.

If you need more information, see the Photo Invitational announcement on the third cover of this issue of TOGETHER. And remember, the deadline for entries is February 1, 1965. Send them to Photo Editor, TOGETHER, Box 423, Park Ridge, Ill. 60068.

Here are photo credits for this issue:

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The Dog Who Wanted to Be a Heroine

By ISABEL DUNWOODY

CINDY Gretchen was a soft brown dachshund who had everything a little dog could want to make her happy.

She lived in a comfortable house at 333 Maple Avenue with Police Officer Jones, Mrs. Jones, and their two children, Billy and Sue. She shared her family with her best dog friend, Omar, a strong German shepherd, who was on the police force with Officer Jones.

She also had a nice yard with a white picket fence around it where she could romp and roll with Billy, Sue, and Omar when they came home.

Cindy Gretchen should have been happy. But, she wasn't.

Instead, Cindy Gretchen wanted to be a hero—or heroine, that is, since she was a lady dog. She wanted to be admired and wear a medal on her collar, just as Omar did. She wanted to stand proudly amidst her family and have them say:

"Brave dog!" and, "Well done!" and, "We're proud of you!" the way they did after Omar caught a bank robber.

"Oh, if I were only big and strong like Omar," said Cindy Gretchen as she sat behind the picket fence waiting for the postman. "Then people wouldn't call me 'cute' and 'little,' or giggle because I'm close to the ground and wiggle when I walk."

Cindy Gretchen practiced stalking back and forth behind the fence and looking fierce.

"Hi, Cindy G.," said the postman as he looked over the fence. "My, you look happy today. How about fetching this letter to your mistress like a good little dog." He gave her the mail, as he did each morning, patted her head, and walked off whistling.

"Fiddlesticks!" said Cindy Gretchen, as she dropped the letter on the ground. She had hoped to frighten the postman a little with her fierce look.

"How I wish I were a dalmatian, so tall and fleet. I could ride on a fire truck and wear a fireman's hat." She pranced about the yard the way she thought a dalmatian might.

"Or maybe I would rather be a huge, sad-eyed bloodhound tracking scents through the wilderness." She put her nose to the ground, but there weren't any scents in the yard she had not sniffed before.

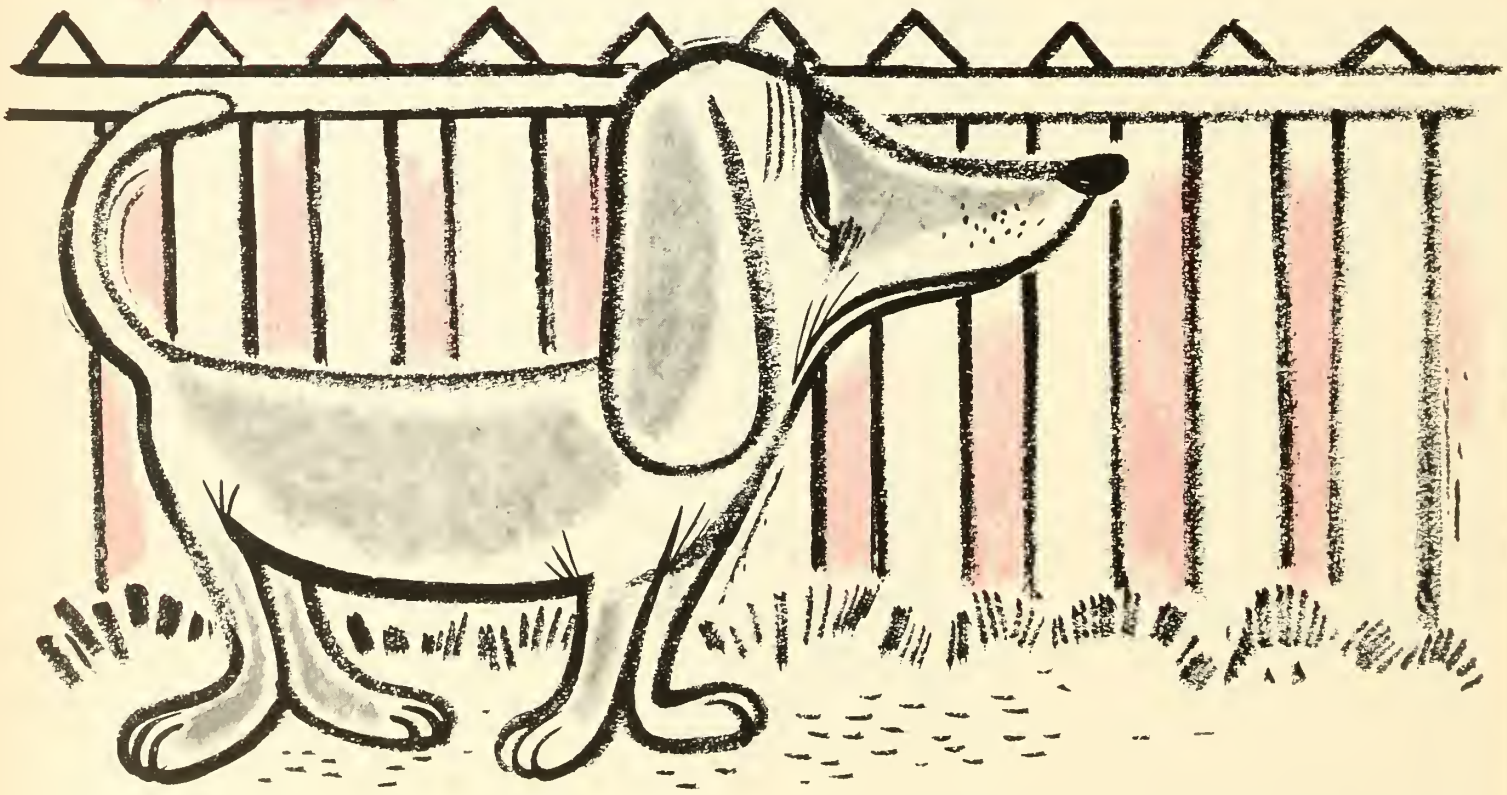
"No," she decided. "Most of all I want to be like Omar, brave and big and strong." She strutted about in her best Omar-like style.

"Morning!" called Omar as he bounded around the house. He was ready to go to the police station.

"Notice anything different about me?" asked the little dachshund. She growled a terrible growl.

"Gracious!" exclaimed Omar. "You do have such a cold! You'd better stay inside today and keep warm."

Just then Officer Jones whistled and Omar had to be off. Sadly Cindy Gretchen watched them go. She sat for a long while thinking. Then she picked up the letter and padded slowly around to the back door. She pushed



Cindy Gretchen was a soft brown dachshund who had everything a little dog could want. But she wasn't happy.

through the private dog entrance that Officer Jones had built for her and Omar and took the letter into the kitchen.

Suddenly she smelled smoke. She saw flames leaping up from a frying pan on the stove. It was dangerously near the kitchen curtains.

Cindy Gretchen dashed through the house yapping, but her mistress was nowhere to be found. No doubt Mrs. Jones had taken a food tray next door to Mrs. Brown, who was ill, and the stove had been left on by mistake.

What could Cindy Gretchen do? She dashed outside and began barking at the top of her lungs and running back and forth along the fence.

But no one heard her in the house next door, and people on the street only smiled and said: "Isn't she cute? Such a friendly little thing. See how she follows everyone as they go by."

Oh, if only she were big, like Omar, she could leap over the fence and get Officer Jones. She tried to squeeze under, but could get only her nose and two tiny paws beneath the pickets.

She no longer thought about being heroic. She just wanted to help her loved ones. Then she had an idea. Quickly she began digging with her tiny paws. Quite soon she had a hole deep enough to squeeze all of her smooth, little body under the fence. Away she raced to the police station.

"Why, Cindy Gretchen!" exclaimed Officer Jones as he and Omar came out of the station. "How did you get out?" Cindy Gretchen yapped excitedly. Omar stiffened. Officer Jones realized something was wrong. "OK, little one. Into the squadrol. We're going home!"

Later, Cindy Gretchen stood proudly as the fire chief patted her head.

"Good little dog," he said. "It would have been a bad fire if it hadn't been for you."

A few days later, Billy and Sue put a medal on her collar and called her "Our little heroine." Never again did Cindy Gretchen mind being called little. After all, a big dog couldn't have squeezed under the fence.

She knew now that it wasn't how big or how strong you are that makes you a hero or heroine but how quickly you can think in an emergency, and how much courage you have in your heart. Even more important, she had learned that a brave deed is most often done out of love and respect for those around you. □

Merry Halloween

The mask I wear will have a pair
Of kindly eyes to see with,
And such a grin above the chin,
I'll look like fun to be with.

—Ida M. Pardue

Corn & Acorn Dolls

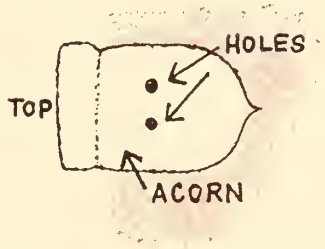
Materials Needed: Two ears of dried yellow corn
Handful of acorns
Small spool of thin wire
Bottle of glue

MANY years ago, children didn't have a lot of toys. Those they had usually were made from materials found around their homes—just like these corn and acorn dolls. You can have fun making them today. They can be used as window pulls or autumn decorations.

Get an ear or two of dried yellow or Indian corn at a vegetable stand or grocery, a handful of acorns from beneath an oak tree, and a small spool of thin wire from a hardware store.

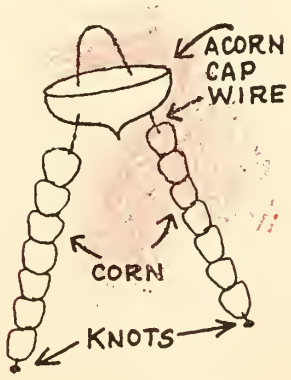
Each doll requires 3 acorn caps, 1 acorn, 27 kernels of corn, 3 seven-inch pieces of wire, and glue.

First, soak the kernels in water until they soften. Then pierce each in the middle of the flat side with a hatpin or ice pick (be careful!). Also pierce two holes in the acorn from side to side [see illustration]. The tip of the acorn



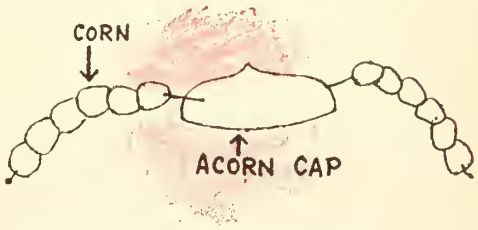
will be the doll's nose. Make two holes through the acorn caps, one on each side of the peak.

Thread seven kernels of corn on two of the seven-inch pieces of wire for the legs. Knot the wires at the

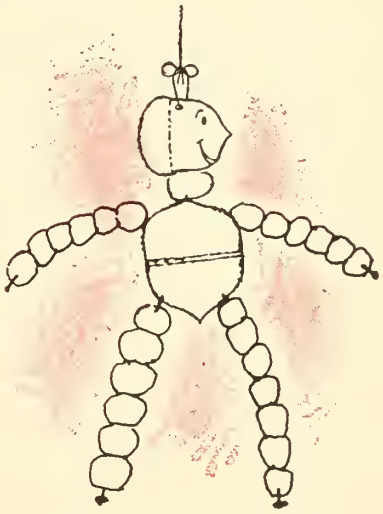


bottom so the corn will not fall off. Bring each wire through one of the holes in an acorn cap with the cap tip pointing down. Draw the kernels up tightly against the acorn cap, and twist the wire to secure the legs.

For the arms, thread six kernels on the remaining seven-inch wire, knotting the end. Stick the wire through one of the holes in another acorn cap (this time with the cap pointing up).



Thread the same wire through the other hole in the cap, put six more kernels on that end, and knot the wire. Draw the leg wires through the arm holes. Glue the two caps together in the middle.



Twist the leg wires together and thread them through a corn kernel for a neck. Separate the wires and put them through the holes in the acorn head and on through the holes in the last acorn cap. Glue the cap on the doll's head, paint a face on the side with the pointed nose, twist the remainder of the wire into a loop, and your doll is completed.

—Virginia Plambeck

Is thy heart right, as my heart is with thine? Dost thou love and serve God? It is enough, I give thee the right hand of fellowship.
—JOHN WESLEY (1703-1791)

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After-Hour Jottings

We have no reason to believe the scene on our old campus has changed. On cool fall mornings, surely the brown leaves still scurry across the walkways, and young people in new clothes hurry between buildings where ivy grows thicker and higher every year. The new school term is a tang in the nostrils, a glow in the eye, a dread, and an eager anticipation—and for many the next football game is the most important event in the foreseeable future. It was that way for many of us; but each of us faced a different world—none more revolutionary and challenging, however, than that confronting the young men and women students on the college or university campus in 1964.

This issue takes a look at that world—on, from, and off the campus—not merely because Methodism traditionally founds schools as well as churches but because a significant minority on every campus is inspired as never before to do something about the needs, suffering, and injustices around them. Many pages in this issue are devoted to looking beneath fun, fraternities, football, and frills—and from time to time in the future, special-emphasis issues of TOGETHER will examine other topics of concern to the Christian church in the world today.

Associate Editor *Carol D. Muller* starts off this month's emphasis with *College Students: The Active Minority in Focus*, on page 14. In additional features, she and others tell the stories of those college students who believe in doing more than academic classwork on the social and religious problems of today. Few writers are closer to the campus than Miss Muller, who joined TOGETHER's staff a year ago. A Northwestern University journalism graduate, she taught summer courses for five years at Northwestern, was a teacher at a junior college in California for one semester, and was education editor of the Asbury Park (N.J.) *Press* before coming to our staff. Last spring and summer, she visited a number of campuses in the South and Midwest, talking to many among that significant minority who believe in being active *off* campus.

Miss Muller

Another of our authors is still in college. ***Linda Blair*** [see *'I Wanted to Do More,'* page 20] tells us that she has spent most of her 20 years searching for experience. "I will illustrate that point," she writes, "by listing the jobs I have held . . . housekeeper, Linotype operator, car-masker in a body shop, dime-store clerk, free-lance writer of magazine articles, newspaper reporter and columnist, secretary, and at the moment [last summer] dishwasher operator in Glacier National Park. It was in search of experience that I involved myself in tutoring."

If the mood of campus groups is undergoing change, so is that within many areas of Methodism. In fact, the new trends in church life and thought are moving at so many levels that we are launching a new series on page 43. The first *New Directions* series article, *The Local Church*, is by the ***Rev. Ewart G. Watts***, pastor of First Methodist Church, Topeka, Kans. And ***Dr. Ralph W. Sockman***, one of Methodism's most renowned preachers, is the second to occupy *Open Pulpit* [page 60].

Our cover, showing an outdoor Communion service at Glendorado, Minn., will lead you to page 65 and the story behind the picture. If, on the way, you come across *The Day the Dam Broke* by ***James Thurber***, don't forget to turn back to page 28. And don't take the late Mr. Thurber too seriously. It's all in fun.
—YOUR EDITORS

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TOGETHER continues the CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE founded in 1826 as "an entertaining, instructive, and profitable family visitor." It is an official organ of The Methodist Church. Because of freedom given authors, opinions may not reflect official concurrence. The contents of each issue are indexed in the METHODIST PERIODICAL INDEX.

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Hobby Alley

THOSE OLD-FASHIONED SAMPLERS

Visions of a colonial lass painstakingly stitching come to mind as the author, the Rev. Thomas B. Everist (retired) of Yardley, Pa., eyes an old-time sampler.

EVER WONDER what youngsters did in colonial days during their leisure time? Without TV or other modern amusements, how did they relax after doing their chores?

In the solitude of a long New England winter evening, before a log fire, and by the light of a sputtering tallow candle, Miss Subteen was busy over her American primitive art, a sampler. A brother or cousin might be working nearby, handcrafting a wooden frame. Between them, they left a record of personal joys, faith, and hardships through a craftsmanship truly remarkable for any era.

The name "sampler" was aptly

It looks as though Rebecca Myers poured out her heart in this meticulous handiwork with a three-dimensional effect.

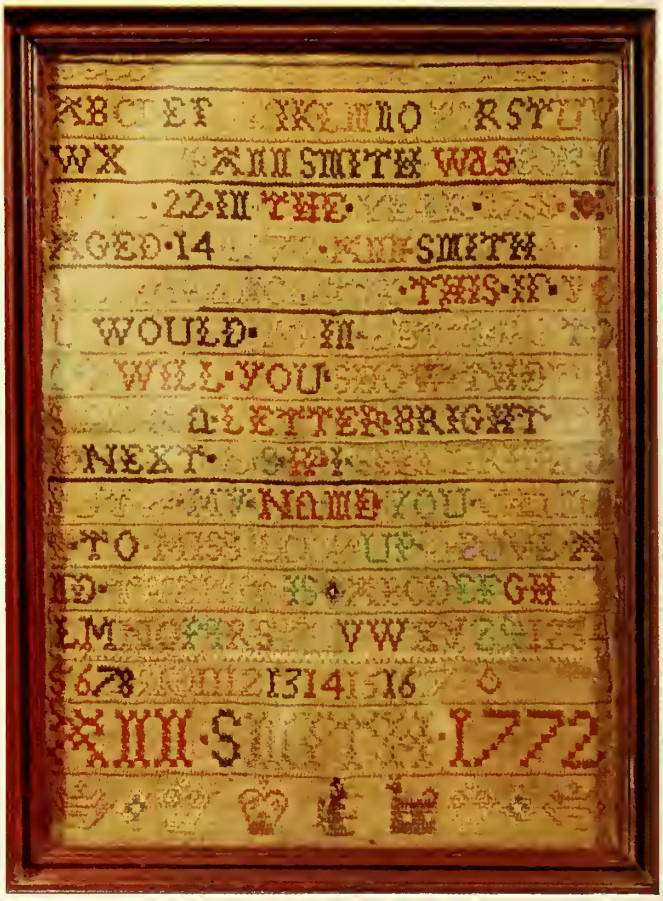
chosen, for it was exactly that. It comes from the Latin *exemplarium,* via the French *essamplaire* and the Chaucerian English *samplere.* Almost all samplers are headed by the alphabet, often in both capital and small letters, and followed by numbers, usually aught to nine. Working these, plus the girl's name and birth date, was a lasting sample of her handiwork.

My favorite among the 50-odd samplers my wife, Estella, has collected over the years was made by "Elizabeth Pardoe age 8 yrs. 1730"—two years prior to the birth of George Washington, and just eight years before John Wesley's Aldergate experience! What a wealth of history passed across the panorama of Elizabeth's life!

While many samplers today are in museums and exclusive private collections, some still are for sale. Among our friends are a number of antique dealers who are willing to hold good samplers for us at reasonable prices—usually $10 to $50 each. If a sampler is in an original handmade frame, of course, its value is enhanced.

Nonbelievers in storing our treasures, we live among our collection—25 samplers are handsomely displayed in our living room. Our warning: once "sampleritis" bites you, you'll spend hours searching through old trunks and haunting antique shops!

—Thomas B. Everist



Handsomely carved wood frames set off many a sampler.

The years haven't faded these rich home-dyed hues.

Clever—those youngsters in an era of scarcity! Girls offset drabness with variety, sometimes putting over 20 kinds of stitches on homespun linen.

At work: Filipino nurses train at Rochester Methodist Hospital, Rochester, Minn.

Challenge to Photographers

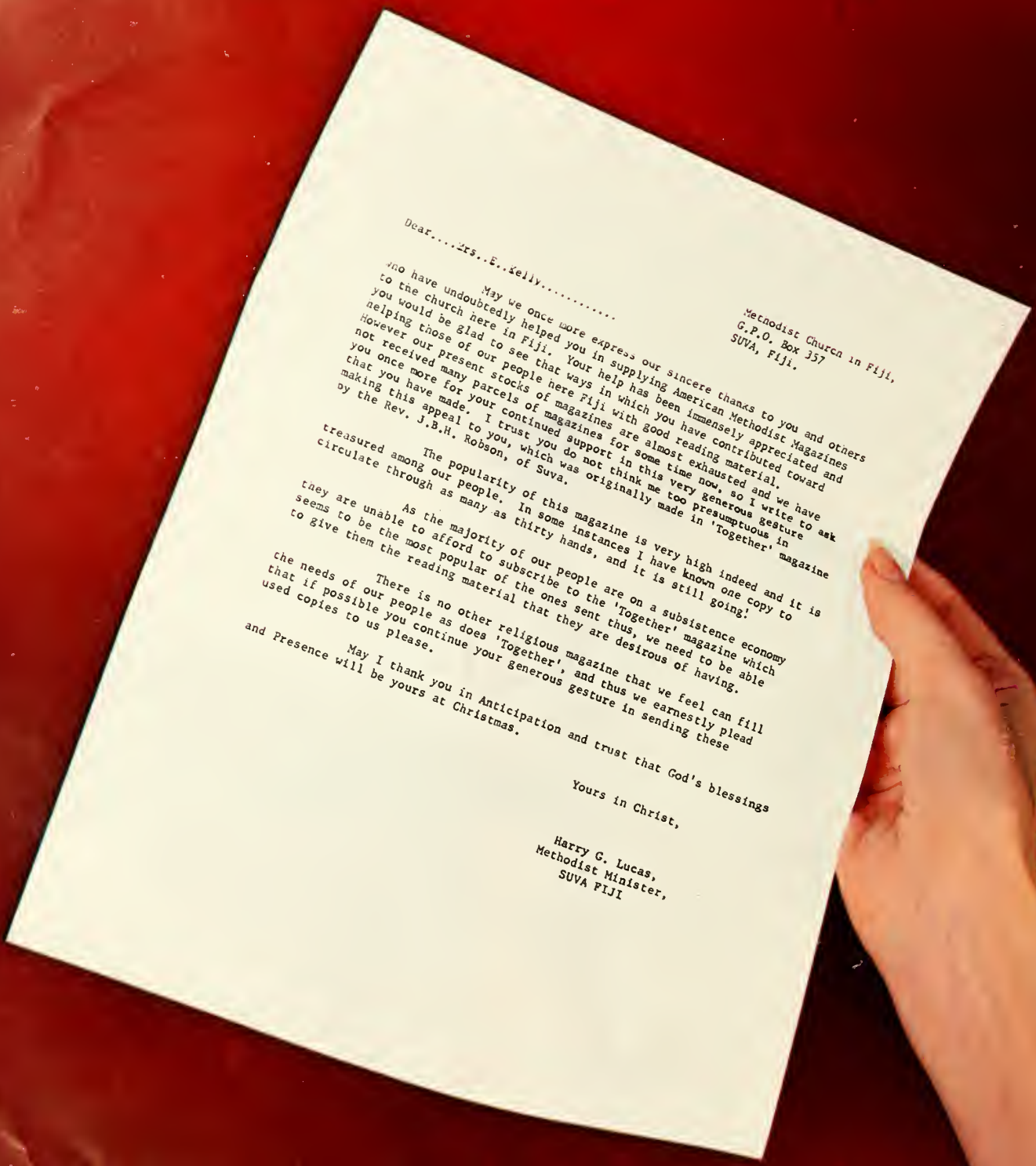
THE theme of TOGETHER's ninth color Photo Invitational is *WORK*, and we need not tell you that good subjects abound. Perhaps that's why you will find this to be one of the most challenging Invitationals: the actors are everywhere, the possibilities many, but the sifting down is your choice alone! The picture of a small boy raking autumn leaves can be as exciting photographically as that of a rigger on the high steel—provided you can add mood or message to camera skill. Want to look around? We'll pay $25 for each 35-mm slide used, $35 for larger sizes.

Send to Photo Editor, TOGETHER, Box 423, Park Ridge, Ill. 60068

HERE ARE THE RULES:

1. Send no more than 10 color transparencies. (Color prints or negatives are not eligible.)
2. Identify each slide; explain why it was inspired, where, and by whom.
3. Enclose loose stamps for return postage. (Do not stick stamps to anything.)
4. Entries must be postmarked on or before February 1, 1965.
5. Original slides bought and all reproduction rights become TOGETHER's property. (For their files, photographers will receive duplicates of slides purchased.)
6. Slides not accepted will be returned as soon as possible. Care will be used in handling transparencies, but TOGETHER cannot be responsible for slides lost or damaged.

An unfinished story...



Dear....Mrs..E..Kelly.....

Methodist Church in Fiji,
G.P.O. Box 357
SUVA, Fiji.

May we once more express our sincere thanks to you and others who have undoubtedly helped you in supplying American Methodist Magazines to the church here in Fiji. Your help has been immensely appreciated and you would be glad to see that ways in which you have contributed toward helping those of our people here Fiji with good reading material. However our present stocks of magazines are almost exhausted and we have not received many parcels of magazines for some time now, so I write to ask you once more for your continued support in this very generous gesture that you have made. I trust you do not think me too presumptuous in making this appeal to you, which was originally made in 'Together' magazine by the Rev. J.B.H. Robson, of Suva.

The popularity of this magazine is very high indeed and it is treasured among our people. In some instances I have known one copy to circulate through as many as thirty hands, and it is still going!

As the majority of our people are on a subsistence economy they are unable to afford to subscribe to the 'Together' magazine which seems to be the most popular of the ones sent thus, we need to be able to give them the reading material that they are desirous of having.

There is no other religious magazine that we feel can fill the needs of our people as does 'Together', and thus we earnestly plead that if possible you continue your generous gesture in sending these used copies to us please.

May I thank you in Anticipation and trust that God's blessings and Presence will be yours at Christmas.

Yours in Christ,

Harry G. Lucas,
Methodist Minister,
SUVA FIJI

...will you help to complete it?